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E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams.

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No. 470

IN FAITH.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Beyond the vast, eternal sea
I see my dear ones stand,
And know they watch and wait for me
With many a beckoning hand.
But strong with faith in God above
His own good time I wait.
Content to trust the Eternal Love
Which leads home, soon or late.

I feel the presence of this love
About me all the way.
I am not walking here alone;
In God's my hand I lay.
He cheers me when I falter most,
By tender words and sweet,
And trustfully I follow him
Although with bleeding feet.

What matter if the way is long?
I know it leadeth home.
What matter if about my path
Earth's many sorrows come?
So with a faith that faiters not,
I tread the toilsome way,
And wait my Father's own good time
To pass the gates of day.

Bowie,

The Knight of Chivalry:

WHAT A WOMAN WILL DO.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE, AUTHOR OF "ELEGANT EGBERT," "TIGER DICK,"
"A HARD CROWD," ETC.

CHAPTER V. "YOU MUST NOT KNOW ME!"

"Dodge to one side! He cannot follow you.

"Dodge to one side! He cannot follow you. Dodge to one side, I say!"

Led by the subtle fascination of this girl's pure beauty, in such marked contrast with that of the siren who had so perturbed his passionate nature, James Bowie had followed Miriam, to be at hand in her time of sore need.

With one terrified glance in his direction the girl did as he bade her, narrowly escaping the jaws that opened like a huge trap.

The clumsy monster turned, but a bold man stood between it and its prey, and thrust a cudgel into the yawning throat. The iron jaws closed upon it with a snap, crunching it to atoms, but the reptile recoiled painfully wounded.

wounded.

Instantly Bowie turned, caught the terrifled girl in his arms, and bounded away with her to a tree, where he set her in safety among the branches, and turned to meet the foe that was charging bim furiously.

As he had directed Miriam, he now sprung to one side, and, as the alligator passed, leaped upon its back.

Taken thus at a disadvantage, the ungainly monster sought to cast its bold rider, by rushing hither and thither, forward and backward, and by lashing its tail. But the scale armor of this weapon prevents its near approach to the back, and Bowie could crouch beneath its sweep and laugh at the vain attempts of the reptile to reach him.

reach him.

Failing in every effort, the alligator would have plunged into the bayou, and, in its own element, become master; but, catching up a handful of mud, Bowie plastered it over the creature's eyes, and the formidable monster stopped short, utterly helpless.

Dismounting from his strange steed, which now stood perfectly motionless, Bowie went to its head, and taking fair aim, discharged his pistol into one of its eyes, then leaped out of danger.

ger.
The dying convulsions of the monster were terrible, and under the lash of its tail the rank vegetation was torn as if by a whirlwind. It lasted but a moment, however, when death still-

And now he was the recipient of her thanks. And she was a famous hero-worshiper, with her clinging ways, her soft voice, and her clear,

searching eyes.

The man whom a wild beast could not daunt was so embarrassed by the gratitude of this simple, pure-hearted girl that he almost hailed Sammy's unmusical voice with a feeling of re-

What, ho! What, ho! What, ho! Hath jealous Fate torn my mistress from me! Yield her back, oh, ye dryads and satyrs!"
"Oh, Sammy!" cried Miriam, with a sudden smile of delight; and turning to her companion, added in her usual tone: "It is a friend who

came with me."
"Hail! all hail, most sovereign lady! I

thought—"
"Sammy, this gentleman has just saved my

Just done what?" asked the youth, staring blankly from one to the other.

"Just saved my life! I was attacked by an alligator! See—there it lies dead."

Sammy gazed at the dead reptile in white-lipped awe, then with deep emotion addressed

Bowie:

"Sir, if it would repay you in any degree for what you have done, I would lay down my hands for you to walk upon!"

"Oh, Sammy! that is so like you!" murmured Miriam, resting her cheek against his arm and raising her tearful eyes to his face.

"That boy is no foo!" reflected Bowie, recalling his introduction to him at the green-room door. "There was never more genuine pathos than in his voice and look now."

With a respect which a moment before he

With a respect which a moment before he would not have thought possible, he grasped the

While James Bowie recovered his knife, which he had dropped in his novel ride, this dialogue passed rapidly between Miriam and Sammy:
"Do you suppose He would object to him?"
"What! the man who has just saved your

That was why I asked. That must make a

difference."
"I should think so!"

Hebe, the cup-bearer of the gods.

"I want to ask him to lunch with us."
"Of course. Why not?"

The invitation was extended, and accepted more gladly than she knew.

In spite of herself, Miriam could not appear at ease, and to draw attention from her, Sammy brought forward his most extravagant conceits. Through his fancy the snowy bread became ambrosia, the water nectar, and himself a male



Leoline, the actress, tripping into the room, gazed in embarrassment from one excited face to the other.

It was after the repast was over that he made

It was after the repast was over that he made his most unlucky speech.

"Methinks, my lord, I have met thee before, when the Castle of the Lady Leoline was honored by thy presence."

"Yes," said Bowie, "and I have also had the bonor of being of slight service to Miss Miriam on a former occasion."

"To me?" exclaimed the girl.

"No longer ago than last night, before the St. Charles Hotel. Are you not the same?"

"And you are the gentleman who—"
The girl turned pale and seemed to shrink from him in affright.

"I beg your pardon for recalling an unpleasant occurrence," said Bowie, not a little chagrined at his faux pas.

"It is not that," said Miriam, evidently in great distress and perplexity; "but I cannot—Oh! how can I tell you, when I owe you so much? I did not know that you were the genmuch? I did not know that you were the gentleman who protected me from insult. I did not see you then, so that I could not recognize u to-day. And now you will think me so un-

I beg that you will dismiss the whole subject

"But I must tell you. And, oh! indeed it is a matter over which I have no control! And you will not think me ungrateful?" cried the girl, taking his hand in hers and raising her tearful eyes appealingly to his face.

"No," said Bowie, gravely. "I will not think you ungrateful."

"No," said Bowie, gravely. "I will not think you ungrateful."
"Well, I must make a request which will seem strange to you, and yet I cannot explain. Our acquaintance must stop here and now, and you must not try to find out who I am, nor appear to know me, if we meet by accident. Oh! I know that you feel hurt!"
"Go on," said Bowie, string to conceal the pain which was far deeper than she imagined.

I know that you feel hurt!"

"Go on," said Bowie, striving to conceal the pain which was far deeper than she imagined, because it sprung from a different source.

"And you must never speak of what has occurred to-day, nor must Sammy. Oh! will you forgive me? Indeed! indeed! I do appreciate all that I owe you, and the shameful return I ammaking."

"Say no more, I beg of you. Of course your notives are correct. I do not seek to know them. You may rely on my discretion. And now, ince my presence is painful to you, I will bid ou good-by."

"Oh! how can I let you go like this?"

"I know what you feel, and that is sufficient

or me. Good-by." He bowed and was gone. "Why, what is it all about?" asked Sammy,

"Why, what is it all about?" asked Sammy, as the girl sunk on the ground in tears.
"Sammy, father saw me on the street last night, returning from the delivery of work that had to be taken home. Before the St. Charles a man attempted to stop me, and Mr. Bowie pushed him aside. Father was furious about it. I thought he would curse me. He forbade me ever to appear in the street again unattended, after dark, on any pretext whatever. He seemed terribly afraid that I should form the acquaintance of Mr. Bowie, though I assured him that I had not seen his face and should not know him if I were to meet him. But he persisted, him if I were to meet him. But he persisted, and commanded me, if the gentleman ever caught me out, to have nothing to do with him.

"Miriam," said the boy, with questioning concern in his eyes, "why is your father so determined that you shall form no acquaintances among gentlemen!—or any one else, for that

'I don't know, Sammy, our day is spoilt. Let us go home."

But Sammy was a better and wiser friend than that. By argument and persuasion he kept her out with nature until the shadows of the tropical night began to fall; and when again they found themselves amid the stir and bustle

the entrances of places of amusement.
As they ascended the dark stairway to Miriam's home (lights are a luxury in cheap lodgings) they became aware that some one was

of the crowded city, the thoroughfares were ablaze with light from the shop windows and

"It is the Curate!" whispered Sammy, and immediately added: "I beg your pardon!—your

"Oh! he is in one of his moods to-night!" re-flected the girl, with quickening heart-beats. To Sammy she whispered:

"Let me go in alone. Here is the bouquet for coline. Good-night."
"I wish I could help you!" said the youth,

wistfully.

"No! no! you cannot. Good-night!"

"Good-night."
Reluctantly he turned, after pressing her hand, and slowly went back down the steps.
Her heart swelling with grateful affection, the girl listened until his footsteps died away, then opened the door and entered her home.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SLAVE OF A PASSION. hands together excitedly, with flushed face and flashing eyes. Old age seemed to have fallen from him like a discarded mantle.

"Ah! these dingy walls—how I hate them!" he muttered. "They are stealing the beauty from your cheeks, like flowers blooming in the shade. Your home should and shall be hung snade. Your nome should and shad be nung with silken tapestry, carpeted with Indian rugs, and decorated with all that the world holds of beauty. Ah! Miriam, my darling, the night of sorrow and privation is past—the resplendent dawn of happiness and luxury is at hand."

Is if invoked by his impassioned apostrophe, the girl entered the room

the girl entered the room.
"Father!"

My dear child!" With genuine affection he took both her hands and kissed her on the brow. And she smiled lov-ingly, yet sadly, her eyes humid with deprecat-

ing pity.
"What! tears?" cried the Curate—"tears, when all is to be sunshine and happiness!—tears, when you are to have your house in town and your villa in the country!—tears, when you are to roll in your carriage on the boulevard, and dazzle the world of fashion with the splendor of

dazzie the world of fashion with the spiendor of your diamonds at the ceremonial ball!—tears, when your every wish is to be catered to, and the world is to be at your feet!—tears—"
"Father, stop!—oh, stop!" sighed the girl.
"Why will you not abandon this vain dream?"
"Dream! Ay, it has been but a dream? But to-night comes the awakening to a glorious realization —to-night comes the full fruition of the hope that has eluded us through years and years of weary struggling and sickening de

To-night, for the first time in my life, every thing conspires in my favor. The bank has not had a reverse for thirteen weeks—after my un-paralled run of ill-luck, to-night is my thirteenth day of sequestration from the faro-table—to test the return of my luck, I tried dice this afternoon and threw triplet sixes three times in succession, followed by a throw of thirteen and there is another coincidence of which I need

and there is another confidence of which I need not speak just now.

"By the way, you told me that you delivered some work last night?"

"Yes," replied the girl, faintly.

"For which you received?"

"Twenty dollars."
"Ah! so much? Why, that's a little fortune for these tiny hands to make! How sad that they should ever have to work for money! But never mind—they shall be covered with diamonds, before the year is out, to the amount of twenty times twenty dollars."

wenty times twenty dollars! "Miriam, I have an idea. You have no use for the money to-night. Lend it to me until to-morrow, and I will square it for you. Then you can buy your own jewels. Just think!— how many belies can point to their gems, and say that the fingers earned their own adorn-

distress, "our rent is over-due, and must be paid

row I shall have money enough to rent the grand-est palace in all New Orleans!"

"But you might fail; and I would rather go

est palace in all New Orleans!"

"But you might fail; and I would rather go without the gems than run such a risk."

The pleading of the girl, endeavoring to keep her scant earnings without wounding the vanity of her parent, was pathetic beyond description.

"But, child, I cannot fail!" cried the Curate.

"In twelve hours you may just as well have a hundred dollars for every one you have now."

"And there is the provision-dealer. I could only get him to continue our credit by showing him the work, and assuring him that I would pay him in full to-morrow."

"What!" cried the Curate, furiously indignant, "does the scurvy knave dare to question my ability and readiness to meet my household expenses? Must my daughter stand my surity?

See! I could buy and sell a score of such rascals!"

And drawing a long pocket-book from his in-ner vest pocket, the Curate displayed before the astonished eyes of his daughter a package of bank bills that made her clasp her hands and

but the seedling from which is to spring a colossal fortune—such a fortune as the world has

He pushed Miriam from his knee and arose, as he spread the money out on the table; then, swelling with enthusiasm in contemplation of the vast operations he had marked out for the future, continued speaking with gestures, as if delivering an address.

"I may as well tell you all, now that success is so near at hand. Do you think that I shall be content with the million dollars, more or less,

content with the million dollars, more or less, that I shall get out of this isheritance? No! every third man you meet on change has a million! I will not stop short of a money power that shall sway the destinies of nations! "With a million dollars at command I can and will crush every faro bank in America! By that time the world will ring with my name, and I shall have to assail the strongholds of Europe—Baden-Baden and the rest—incognito. But they cannot and shall not escape!

But they cannot and shall not escape!
"When I have no more fields to conquer in this direction, I shall have amassed wealth which will make me a veritable Monte-Christo Then I will go into the great money centers of the world, and take part in those operations around which is thrown a vail of legitimacy, though everybody knows they are but gambling by another name. Here, gray-headed old magnates, before whom all the world has bowed as demi-gods, will be but ripe grain before my Ha! ha!-the world shall own me king!

With tears streaming from her eyes, the girl ut her arms about him, and with her head nes-ed against his breast and her eyes raised plead-

ingly to his, cried:

"Oh, father! father! stop!—do stop!"

"And you," he continued, not heeding her, but taking her face between his palms and gazing into it with eyes that blazed with excitement—"you shall be instrumental in this grand consumption! With your twenty delicer and consumation! With your twenty dollars and ten that Calignay has promised me I shall have thirteen hundred! Is it not fate? Thirteen hundred dollars! Have you marked me?—the thirteen weeks of uninterrupted success on the part of the bank (gathering gold to swell, my offers!)—my thirteen days of sequestration coffers!)—my thirteen days of sequestration from the faro table—thirteen by the dice—and now (what I avoided speaking of a moment ago) thirteen hundred dollars! All in thirteens! thirteen hundred dollars! All in thirteens!— an unlucky number; but the bank leads with its thirteen weeks of luck, hence the number is unlucky for the bank-LUCKY FOR ME! Girl, get

leave me the little sum that is to pay for our "No, that makes the sum complete. One de fective link in the chain, and all might fail.

Shall we risk the loss of millions for a paltry twenty dollars!" It is all that we have!" "Peace! Get me the money at once-I com

She had never disobeyed him. With the prospect of being homeless and hungry on the mor-row, she crossed the room on leaden feet, un-locked a drawer in the dresser, and handed him

greater amount, then put the empty purse on the table.

greater amount, then put the empty purse on the table.

"Miriam," he said, gently drawing the girl's head upon his breast, and removing her hands from her tear-wet face, "every tear is a reproach to me. Do you doubt my love?"

Before she could answer he suddenly cried:

"Hark! there is a step in the lower hall! It is Calignay's! Miriam, he must not see you in tears. Retire to your room. My child, do not leave me the recollection of that sad face. It is enough to reverse my luck at the very moment of success. Cannot you smile?"

She smiled—oh! so sadly!—as she stood on tiptoe to kiss him. Then she glided from the room, and M. de Calignay was admitted.

From that interview the gambler came forth with the round sum of thirteen hundred dollars hugged to his breast with savage energy. There was a dizzy swimming sensation of the head, a smell of blood in his nostrils, a humming sound in his ears, and dark spots floating before his vision. He stood on the threshold of his great destiny—so he thought!"

On his part, the wily Frenchman held a promissory note bearing Arthur Wingate's signature, and the amount left blank!

Reader, let me show you a picture which will

Reader, let me show you a picture which will

Reader, let me show you a picture which will tell its own sad story.

Imagine, if you please, along, brilliantly-lighted saloon, with tesselated floor, mirrored walls, and frescoed ceiling supported by slender Corinthian columns and hung with chandeliers that are masses of glittering crystal.

About one of the many elaborately-carved tables are grouped all the men in the room save those whose duties hold them elsewhere. On this table are piles of bank-notes and gold and silver coin which a croupier is in the act of raking into the coffers of the "bank."

Midway on one side of the table sits a man small in stature, dressed in speckless broadcloth and immaculate linen, with no article of jewelry anywhere visible on his person. The most marked characteristic of the man is slipperiness.

marked characteristic of the man is slipperiness.

His hair, scant in growth, is parted in the middle, and brushed until it seems to hide his scalp with not more than the thickness of a sheet of paper. His beardless face, and hands as fair as any woman's, seem slippery to the touch. His small, restless eyes wear the sign manual of insincerity. When he speaks, which is seldom, and always in a low voice, the words seem to glide from his tongue.

As he sits now, perfectly motionless, his livid pallor makes him look like a man of putty, only his eyes glitter like those of a snake, and there are lines about the corners of the mouth and the nostrils which remind one of a wild best just about to show its teeth.

This is Jerry Camp, the faro-banker.

This is Jerry Camp, the faro-banker.

A moment ago, after loss upon loss in uninterrupted succession, until the fortune he had spent years in amassing hung upon the turn of a single card, his face was as impassive as it is now, after that card has been turned and he knows that not only is his fortune secure, but he had added thousands of dollars to it in this one night.

one night.

The faces about the table are stamped with on the bills that made her clasp her hands and in the pallor and awe that mark the presence of a great tragedy. One man stands with a look of almost helpless imbecility in his clammy face and the stoop of decrepitude in his frame. It is seedling from which is to spring a colosthe croupier sweep away his money, and with it

all his mad hopes.

For an hour it seemed as if he were destined to break the bank of the great Jerry Camp, until men swore that he was the "Favorite of Fortune," and rushed in to place their mites beside his colossal stake, and partake in his success. Calm in unshaken confidence in his great destiny, he doubled his stake every turn of the cards, until the crash came that overwhelmed

The Curate has failed! He is a beggar!
Suddenly, without warning, he falls forward
on the table, and so slips to the floor, to lie
an inanimate heap!

CHAPTER VII.

A DESOLATED HOME.

In the gray of the morning Jerry Camp sat in his private office, in a quandary what to do with the Curate, who lay in a dull stupor in one of the rooms attached to the establishment. Three-fourths of the sporting world had a street acquaintance with the gambler, but no one knew anything more about him, or who were his friends.

his friends.

But the dilemma adjusted itself when a stranger appeared before the faro-banker.

He bowed with his left hand behind him, under the skirt of his coat, and thrust a card, held between the first and middle fingers of his right, at Jerry Camp, as if about to prod him with it. The card, greasy and grimed and frayed at the edges with long service, was disreputable and unwholesome in the extreme.

The man was quite as disreputable in appearance as his card. He wore a crush hat which had long outlived

ts palmy days. His coat of alpaca had evi-lently seen service as an office coat, since the eft sleeve bore unmistakable evidences of havring been used as a pen-w per. It was buttoned close about the throat, a handkerchief, not overly clean, being superadded. The two suggested a soiled shirt and no collar. His pantaloons of black cassimere, evidently sustained by one suspender, hung slovenly about his feet, to be frayed and draggled with dirt. In keeping with everything that pertained to their wearer, his shoes were run over at the heels. Under his arm he carried a bag, such as law-

yers use, suggesting rather than preserving its original green color. So much for externals. The man himself was

a wizen-faced, gimlet-eyed little sharper, so mean that it seemed as if his soul grudged his bones enough flesh to cover them. His voice, when he spoke, was thin, as if air were an exensive commodity, or the speaker were trying beconomize lung-force by using only half a

His style of delivery was of the "spread agle" order. He was always addressing an

imaginary jury.

Jerry Camp's visitor introduced himself thus:

"Ezreth Quirk, Esq.—at your service, sir!—
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law, Room 49,
(fourth floor), No. 7 Court House Place:—retained, sir, in the interests of one Arthur Wingate, gentleman of leisure, otherwise known her little purse.

Then she sunk into a chair with her head on the table, and burst into tears.

With greedy eyes the gambler counted over the little sum of money, and added it to his informally—that my client is now lying on

your premises, smitten by the hand of Divine Providence; and my business here, sir, is to effect a transfer to the bosom of his afflicted family. No doubt, sir, you will be glad to cooperate with me in the matter."

Jerry Camp received the lawyer's card, taking it gingerly between his finger and thumb by the cleanest-looking corner, glanced at it, ascertaining that Mr. Quirk had quoted its inscription verbatim, and placed it on the edge of the table, where it could not soil anything by contact.

contact.

We may remark in passing that, before leaving the spot, Ezreth Quirk. Esq., stealthily repossessed himself of the card, to do service or

possessed himself of the tard, to definition occasions.
"I will have a carriage called immediately, at my own expense," said the faro banker. "I am sorry that the occasion for it should have occurred. I thank you for relieving me from an embarrassing position."

With some difficulty the Curate was got into the landau which Jerry Camp procured for his

accommodation.
Ezreth Quirk followed, waved his hand loftily to those who were left on the walk, saying:
"Good-morning, gentlemen)—good-morning.

"Good-morning, gentlemen — good-morning!"

So they drove in the early morning to the humble lodgings of the man who had believed that to-day was to inaugurate the grandest financial career the world had ever witnessed.

Heavy-eyed with weeping and sleeplessness, Miriam answered Ezreth Quirk's knock.

The lawyer doffed his hat and bowed with his hard on his heard.

hand on his heart.
"My dear Miss Wingate," he said, "I hope was to the common weak that you will rise superior to the common weak nesses of your sex. A painful duty has devolved upon me. In the absence of my client, M

de Calignay, who is now out of town, I am acting as I know he would act."

Miriam's eyes began to distend with foreboding, and her lips fell apart, beginning to

ing, and her lips fell apart, beginning to quiver.

"Madam," pursued the lawyer, "I beg that you will be caim. I assure you that there is no cause for anxiety. The case of the defendant—(Madam!" with a low bow of deprecation, "you will surely pardon me, if my life vocation obtrudes itself occasionally into my speech!) I was about to say that, although your father has been unfortunate, a few days in the calm of the family circle, with the consolations which your family circle, with the consolations which your affection will prompt, will restore him to his

wonted equanimity."
"My father has failed!" gasped Miriam, paling with the consciousness of all that those few words portended.

"Let us hope that it will prove a grand success, if it cures him of—I beg your pardon!—shall I say:—his unfortunate passion?"

"He has falled!" repeated the girl, in a scared

shall I say:—his unfortunate passion?"

"He has failed!" repeated the girl, in a scared tone.

"Ah! Where is he?" she gasped; and then, with a quavering cry: "Oh, father!"

"I beg that you will calm yourself. There is no occasion for alarm—not the least in the world. I came before to prepare you. We will fetch him up at once—Ah."

The girl heard the words "we will fetch him up," and with a sharp cry of desperation darted through the door and fled down the stairs as fast as her feet would carry her.

Seeing her father's recumbent posture in the landau, she inferred that he was dead, killed by the shock of failure, or hurried into the dread Hereafter by his own hand—the recourse of so many ruined gamblers!—and, with a shriek that startled the people whose vocations called them thus early into the street, she leaped into the carriage, clasped the loved form in her arms, and fainted away.

Windows were thrown up on both sides of the street and heads thrust forth—some night-capped, more frowzy from lack of that covering. Pedestrians stopped in their hurried walk and ran across the street; others came round the corners; until, with the surprising celerity with which crowds form in a populous city, the carriage was surrounded by an excited throng.

which crowds form in a populous city, the carriage was surrounded by an excited throng, everybody asking everybody else what was the matter, or volunteering theories derived from data which were common to all observers—a man semi-unconscious and a girl wholly so lying together in a carriage.

ing together in a carriage,
At last father and daughter were got up-stairs,
and the crowd dispersed.

and the crowd dispersed.

Later, Ezreth Quirk, Esq., took his departure.
He expressed regret at his inability to serve
her further, business engagements, which his
duty to his own family—he was a poor man,
with a family large in proportion, or, perhaps,
dis-proportion—warned him must not be neglected.

She comprehended not a word that he uttered now she sat alone, overwh

The morning advanced. By and by there came a knock on her door.

She rose wearily—poor thing! She was faint with hunger, though she knew it not, having eaten nothing since yesterday—closed her father's door as she passed through it, and opened the outer door. She stood face to face with her landlord-or

more correctly, his agent—who bowed with an obsequious smile that turned her sick at heart! The house-agent was a man of a little less than the ordinary stature, with flesh enough to make him weigh in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds. Physically, he was a well-fed animal. Intellectually, he viewed every thing in its relation to his five senses, and valued it in just the degree to which it contributed to their gratification. If he had any moral sense its gratification.

degree to which it contributed to their gratification. If he had any moral sense, it never operated as a check upon his actions. His conscience
was circumscribed by the statutory law.
His bullet-head, his restless little eyes, his
heavy lips, showed cunning, cruelty, grossness.
He put his hat under his arm while bowing,
and entered the room rubbing his hands and
still nodding his head at each step, the fawning
smile of innate sycophancy on his face.

"Ah! Miss Miriam, good-morning!" was his
salutation. "A pleasant morning we're having
—a very pleasant morning. And you are looking well, my dear—remarkably well. Ah! what
would we do without youth and beauty?—what
indeed?"

indeed?"

The girl followed the door as she opened it, backing out of the way of the house-agent, so that he could enter without passing near her. "Good-morning, Mr. Gross. Be seated, if you please," she said, faintly, motioning him to a chair at one end of the table, while she stood at the other and

the other end.

"Thank you, my child! thank you!" said Gross, sinking into the chair with a hand on either knee, and continuing to rub his knees as before he had rubbed his hands together. "Ah! I am somewhat heavy on my feet, and these stairs are long—very long—interminable! But, bless me, my dear, the sight of your charming face is like a draught of old wine—it is indeed! I always feel repaid for the effort of mounting heavenward. Ah! ah! that is good! Yes, yes, it is mounting heavenward indeed to come where you are. But, pardon me! Ha! ha! These compliments must seem trite—ah—'stale and unprofitable' to you, since one of your the other end. and unprofitable' to you, since one of your beauty—your beauty and winning graces, my dear, must be surfeited with them every

The girl, who was not used to Mr. Gross's peculiar style of conversation, flushed scarlet while she stood trembling with downcast eyes, wait-

ing for him to cease speaking.

Timidly she raised her eyes from the table to Timidly she raised her eyes from the table to his face, with a mute appeal that must have reached the most infinitesimal soul, had there been such a thing in the possession of this animal, whose business in the world was to feed. himself on savory viands, to clothe his body in warm fabrics, and to repose on downy beds of

ease.

"Mr. Gross," she said, in a choking voice,
"I am very sorry that I cannot pay you the
money that is due you to-day."

"Hum!" replied Gross.
He began to stroke his stubby beard, and the
smile faded from his face.

"Let me see," he said, reflectively. "It was

due—ah—last week—yes, this day week.'
"Yes," replied the girl, faintly.

your premises, smitten by the hand of Divine Providence; and my business here, sir, is to ef-work that you could rely on."

"Yes."
"You didn't get paid as you expected, I sup-

pose?"
"Yes, I was paid," said the girl, in a voice that could scarcely be heard.
"Then you got the money? How did it happen that you did not save it for me?"
The girl wrung her hands and writhed in an agony of embarrassment. She could not cast the blame on her father. Yet how otherwise could she explain?

the blame on her lather. Yet how otherwise could she explain?
"I cannot tell you," she replied; "but indeed I fully intended to pay you. And I will get work, and let you have the money as soon as possible."

oesible."
The house-agent knit his brows and tapped his oct on the carpet.
"Hum! It is a week overdue, and there is no

"Hum! It is a week overdue, and there is no definite prospect—"
"I will do the best I can. If you will trust me, I will not fail you again."
"You see, my principal is a hard man—a very hard man indeed. And I have little or no discretionary power. Only last week he compelled me to sell out a poor family. My heart bled for them. Ah! I have no idea what became of them."
The girl clenched her hands together and quivered from head to foot, gazing at the speaker with terror-distended eyes.
"I could wait on you last week," pursued Gross, "only because my report has not to be

"only because my report has not to be ed until to-morrow. The account must endered until to-morrow. The account must e straight then, or I will receive instructions to roceed against you at once.

"But I can't do that," continued the house-rent. "I'd rather pay the rent out of my own 'Oh! I can't have you do that!" cried Miriam

quickly.
Instinctively she shrunk from placing herself under personal obligations to this man.
"There is no other way, my dear. And I have always wanted to befriend you. It is a shame that you should have to work so hardone so young and beautiful as you. See here, I will take this burden off your shoulders. Ha! ha! You didn't look for fatherly benevolence from an old fellow like me? But, bless ye! I've got a soft corner in my heart. Eh, my pet?"
While speaking he caught her by the wrist and pulled her round to him, smiling like a death's-head.

eath's head. The cry that rose to her lips she smothered by lenching her teeth resolutely. Concentrating ll her energies in one desperate effort, she truck him full in the face and tore herself free, hen darted across the room and seized the knob f her father's door. There she turned to gaze the rassilant, panting.

her assailant, panting.
Thus far she had gone instinctively seeking er natural protector; yet she knew that he nust not be disturbed, and paused before open

g the door.
Gross had risen to his feet, and stood purple ith chagrin. The mark of her hand burned

with chagrin. The mark of her hand burned like fire.

"Well," he said, with a sardonic grin, "you are a striking example of female energy and virtue. For one in your condition, I think I may say that you are painfully prudish. I suppose you know that the good always suffer, and appreciate the particular penalty in your own case! Need I mention that your rent is secured by your furniture, in the contract your or oby your furniture, in the contract your rent is secured by your furniture, in the contract you—or, more accurately, your father signed on taking he rooms; and that I can sell you out at an iour's notice? All because of my hard-hearted principal, you know!" he succeed.

The indignant words that pressed for utterness at Mrignay's live were repressed. Also, the

The indignant words that pressed for utterance at Miriam's lips were repressed. Alas! the poor cannot always afford even to resent insult!

If this man chose to put his threat into execution, what would become of her father?

"Oh! you cannot have the heart to put us out," she cried. "My father is lying here ill.

out," she cried. "My father is lying here ill. He cannot be thrust into the street."

"Oh! The old gambler is in the house, is he?—and ill? Well, the hospital is the place for him."

"The hospital!" gasped the girl.

That was what she had feared. The poor dread the hospital like a prison—an unreasonable antipathy, yet difficult to eradicate.

"Yes," said Gross, brutally. "He will get better care there than he deserves. I will send the ambulance and the sheriff here together."

e ambulance and the sheriff here together."
"Oh, I beg of you!" cried Miriam, advancing ward the house agent with clasped hands. With a stride he got within reach, and again asped her wrist, interrupting her with a pasonate outburst.

"I know what you would say. If he goes to the hospital, he will die a dog's death, of neglect, and be given to the doctors for dissection. Well, my haughty beauty, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that he goes there because you have spurned the kindly offices of one who would befriend you and save him—"
What more he might have said was interrupted by a knock; and without waiting for permission (which showed that the visitor felt be given to the doctors for

permission (which showed that the visitor felt at home) the door was opened.

Leoline, the actress, tripped into the room with a smile on her lips, which instantly faded as she paused in embarrassment and gazed from one excited face to the other.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 469)

TRUTH.

BY WILLIAM LISENBEE.

Thus, as these lines I slowly trace
Across this spotless page,
Will time all earthly things efface,
And passing, leave behind no trace
But the vile dusts of age;
But Truth and Virtue mounting high
Shall heavenward wing their flight,
And shine forever from the sky
Beyond the gems of night!

A Bride at Sixteen;

The Gulf Between Them.

BY RETT WINWOOD, AUTHOR OF "WIFE OR WIDOW?" "A GIRL'S
HEART," "KATHERINE'S MARRIAGE," "A
DANGEROUS WOMAN," "STHEL DREEME,"
"SWEETHEART AND WIFE," "THE
WRONGED HEIRESS," "THE
CHILTON ESTATE," ETC.

> CHAPTER XXVIII A FAITHFUL FRIEND Success to the stout heart, say I, That sees its fate, and can defy!

FAUST Some hours elapsed before Gwendolen experienced any great degree of uneasiness at Lenore's continued absence. Believing her friend had taken a book and wandered to some sunny portion of the grounds, she gave little further thought to the matter. Not until day was de-clining did the first vague emotions of dread as-

Catching up her shawl, she ran out by herself to search for Lenore. Not a clew could she find to the missing girl until the grove of trees was nearly reached. Here, in one of the secluded walks, she picked up a knot of ribbon that Lenore had worne they then they are the contract. nore had worn at her throat when she left the

Following the clew thus afforded, she pend trated the grove, and reached the lane. She found the soft turf torn by hoofs and indented by carriage-wheels, though it had never been used as a thoroughfare since Major Pascal's oc-

cupation of the premises.

The discovery filled Gwendolen's mind with "Let me see," he said, reflectively. "It was ue—ah—last week—yes, this day week."
"Yes," replied the girl, faintly.
"Hum—ah—does my memory serve me! It

face was white, her limbs trembling when at length she returned to the house.

"There is some treachery in this," she thought.

"Lenore would not have gone away willingly without speaking to me of her intention. And it is quite evident that she is gone."

She passed an uneasy night. Morning dawned, and Lenore had not made her appearance. The servants were beginning to wonder and comment, but Gwendolen said nothing to Major Pascal or Valentine. It would have been useless—neither of them would have made an effort to penetrate the mystery.

I loss how to continue. Gwendolen helped him out of the difficulty in her straightforward way.

"You have something more to say to me; what is it?"

Major Pascal wheeled slowly round.

"You are right—my real purpose in seeking this interview remains to be disclosed. Gwendolen, my dear child, I am more considerate for you than you are for yourself. I have decided to save you from the consequences of your own headstrong passions."

Gwendolen helped him out of the difficulty in her straightforward way.

less—neither of them would have made an effort to penetrate the mystery.

Ordering her horse as soon as breakfast was over, she rode to Greenmont and asked for Ross St. Clair. One of the servants showed her into a small anteroom, and the young man shortly stood in her presence.

"You wished to see me, I believe?" he said, in the tone of grave courtesy he usually employed with strangers.

ed with strangers.

"Yes," Gwendolen answered, looking at him steadily. "Where is Lenore?"

A change was perceptible in his face. He turned it away as if wishing to conceal his emo-

ion.
"Why do you come to me for news of her?"

There was no mistaking his start of surprise and dread. If Gwendolen had accused him in and dread. If Gwendolen had accused him her own thoughts of being instrumental in causing Lenore's disappearance, she dil so no longer.

"Missing!" he repeated, his voice sounding curiously hoarse. "Missing since when? Pray

tell me all about it."

"She left the house, yesterday afternoon, as if for a walk. I have not seen her since."

Ross dropped his face in his hands and remained thus for several minutes. When he raised it he looked as if he were shivering.

"Miss Dunreath has probably returned to her friends," he said. "I would rather not speak of her any more. I don't know why you should come to me for information concerning her movements."

Gwendolen rose, looking flushed and angry.
"Can I see Miss St. Clair?" she abruptly de-

"My sister has left Greenmont for the present.

She went away last night.
"Where?" "To a funny old house on the sea-shore that she inherited from my mother. It is called Dis-mal Hollow."

Gwendolen opened wide her eyes. A strange, startling suspicion flashed upon her mind.
"Why did she go there?"
"It was a sudden whim, and took us all by surprise. She said she wished to get away quite by herself for a time."
"The house must be a brockers."

"The house must be a lonesome one, judging from its name."
"It is," Ross answered, wearily, as if the sub-"It is," Ross answered, wearily, as if the subject held very little interest for him. "Situated on an inhospitable coast, with no other habitation in sight, it could not well be otherwise. I wonder that Berenice could be persuaded to take up her abode there, especially at this season of the year."

"Does the expect to remain some weeks?"

Does she expect to remain some weeks? "That is a matter she had not decided when

he went away she went away."
Gwendolen turned to go. Her heart was beating. The suspicion that had flashed so suddenly upon her mind was strengthened into something like conviction. She had heard enough from Lenore to feel assured that Berenice was the girl's enemy. Had she taken some sudden step to defraud the poor soul forever of her rights as the wife of Ross?

A few agitated words that the young man uttered at parting seemed to answer the question

tered at parting seemed to answer the question

reath and I were more than mere friends at one period of our lives. That fact came out at the examination, though Lenore had probably the examination, though Lenore had probably confided so much of her history to you already. I need not tell you how deeply I loved her," and his voice sounded curiously hollow as he uttered these words. "She proved unworthy—I have tried to forget her, honestly tried! But it is the hardest task I ever undertook. My heart has yearned toward her strangely during this season of bitter trouble. I should have gone to her and made an earnest effort to reclaim her but for Berenice's persuasions. My sister has put for the for Berenice's persuasions. My sister has put forth every exertion to keep me back—I now see that

she was right—Lenore has given up all that is good and true, and gone back to those who will lead her into the great depths of evil."

He dropped Gwendolen's hand, which he had held in his fevered clasp while speaking, and walked away abruptly before she could interpose

A good deal hewildered by his strange wor not more than half of which were comprehen sible to her mind, she hurried from the house But, on the way out she took time to make care ful inquiries of a servant she met as to th ful inquiries of a servant she met as to the exact location of the house called Dismal Hol ow. These were all answered to her satisfac

"It may be that I wrong Miss St. Clair by "It may be that I wrong Miss St. Clair by cherishing suspicion, but I can't help feeling that there is some connection between her abrupt departure and my darling Lenore's disappearance," thought the quick-witted girl. "My next move will be in the direction of Dismal Hollow. If Lenore is there, detained against her will, as I surmise, she shall be rescued from the clutches of these wretches."

As soon as Gwendolen entered the house on reaching home, she was struck by the unusual

reaching home, she was struck by the unusual commotion that prevailed. Trunks and boxes were piled in the hall, and the servants were hurrying to and fro. In her astonishment she stopped one of the maids.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded indicating the luggage piled up against the

ed, indicating the luggage piled up against the

"Is it possible you didn't know, my lady? We are all to leave here this morning, except cook and the coachman."

'Master has ordered us back to his house in

Gwendolen passed on without questioning the girl further. This sudden movement on the part of her guardian surprised her very much, however. She sat down in her own room and waited impatiently for Major Pascal to appear and announce his intention, or one of the maids to come to pack her boxes.

"I shall go on to New York, if my guardian insists upon it," she thought. "It will be easier to reach Dismal Hollow from that point than from here,"

word that you small as word that you small as the best backing. Now what can I do?"

"Have you learned aught of my guardian's plans?"

"The wedding is to come off to-morrow night. They have sent to New York for the wedding-dress and a clergyman who will do their bidding and ask no questions."

Gwendolen sat silent a moment, pondering the situation.

Several hours were on, and she was not dis-turbed. About midday she saw the servants depart in two large wagons that also held their luggage. The sight sent an unpleasant thrill through her heart.

through her heart.
"How strange that they should have been sent on in advance! I really feel as if the matter ought to be inquired into."
She had risen to leave the room when some one rapped at the door. Major Pascal at last, but with an expression on his face that caused Gwendolen to shrink back involuntarily as she looked at him.

looked at him.
"Your journey of this morning was a bootless one, it appears," he said, slowly drawing
near. "You found no clew to your missing

answer.

"It is quite as well. You may consider yourself well rid of a troublesome guest. This time Miss Dunreath is not likely to return."

Gwendolen made no reply.

"She left most opportunely for my plans. Her influence over you was not a good one. It made you ungrateful and rebellious. Hereafter I shall expect to find you more dutiful."

Uncle Pascal, I have always obeyed you in later, she said to her: all things just and reasonable. "No doubt you think so. But you conveniently draw the dividing line to suit your-

to save you from the consequences of your own headstrong passions."

Gwendolen felt her cheeks blanch. "I do not understand you," she simply said.

"If left to your own devices, you would throw yourself away upon that fortune-hunter, Robert Merton. It must not be permitted. I, your guardian, say it shall not be!"

"How are you to prevent it?" asked Gwendolen, with a flash of sudden anger.

"By giving you to my son, who is wholly devoted to you, as his wife."

"You have scarcely the power to do that."

"You have scarcely the power to do that."

A dark smile of triumph curled the major's

ips.
"Do not delude yourself, my fair ward. At the present moment my power is unlimited. Shall I tell you why? You are here alone in this house with only myself and Valentine, and two or three trusty servants who are pledged to our interests."

Gwendolen started. Her guardian's sudden whim in sending away the greater number of the domestics was clear enough to her mind now. She laid a trembling hand on the back of the chair from which she had risen, saying, in a

"I may be at your mercy, as you assert. But I still do not think you will attempt coercion." "Then you have mistaken me, and it is time we understood each other better," said the villain, his face growing blacker at every word.

"If I employ harsh means to break your obdurate will, it is because you leave me no other resource. You will not pass these doors until you go forth as the bride of my son."

Gwendelen threw beek her head all that she

you go forth as the bride of my son."

Gwendolen threw back her head, all that she possessed of flery anger bubbling up within her.

"You have no right to force this marriage upon me. It is every way obnoxious. I warn you at the outset that I shall never, never yield!"

"That remains to be seen. As yet you have scarcely tasted the fruits of disobedience. Pill bend your will or break it!" hissed the wretch, shaking his clenched flist at her as he slowly retreated from the room.

The door was closed, the key turned in the lock. It was the first open act of hostility.

Gwendolen sar down again, gasping with dismay. Nobody knew better the unscrupulous nature with which she had to deal. What would be the result of the decided stand she had taken.

be the result of the decided stand she had taken Late in the afternoon she rung the bell—more as an experiment than because she wanted any thing. A strange young woman appeared. A sland into her coarse, hard-featured face told Gwendolen that Major Pascal had found a worthy tool.

"Please send my maid to me," she said.
"I'm to wait on you, my lady. Them's my orders. There's nobody else to do it."
"Did my maid leave with the other servants?"
"She did, ma'am."

"She did, ma'am."

"How long have you been here?"

"Two hours—not longer, ma'am."

"That will do. You may go, now. I have nothing for you to do."

The woman dropped a courtesy and withdrew. Gwendolen sat on, a dull, aching pain, a sense of foreboding struggling together in her heart. It was more for Lenore than herself that she feared. What would the poor child do, deprived of her only friend?

The part day the young woman, whose pame

The next day the young woman, whose name was Ann Hawkins, brought Gwendolen a note from Valentine. It was very brief, containing only these words:

only these words:

"I trust you will forgive me my share in this wretched business. I consented to it under protest. My father has made up his mind that you shall not be permitted to throw yourself away; nothing can move him from this determination. When you are once my wife you will think better of us all."

Gwendolen was tearing the paper in pieces, when she observed that Ann's eyes were bent upon her in a very singular expression.
"Come here," she said, abruptly. "How
much does my guardian give you for acting as

my jailer?" my jailer?" came the straightforward answer.

"Is that all? I will double the sum if you promise to serve me while pretending to serve

Ann's face took on a sudden flush. Greed

What can I do, ma'am?" she asked, in a sup

what can I do, ma and she asked, in a suppressed whisper.

"That will depend upon the nature of the emergency. Can I trust you?"

Ann shook her head doubtfully.

"Wait a little, ma'am. I ain't prepared to say what I will do, or what I won't. Give me time to think it over."

CHAPTER XXIX. GWENDOLEN'S FLIGHT. "I whispered in at my lord's window. Yet never a word would he answe Fare ye well, then, Jamie Douglas! I care as little as ye care for me."

Some time during the next day, Ann Haw-kins came up-stairs with a look of quiet deter-mination on her face. "Tve made inquiries, ma'am, and can see my way clearer," she said, abruptly. "You are the real owner of this house, after all—you have

returned Gwendolen. "Yes," returned Gwendolen.
"And you'll give me one hundred dollars, cash down, to help you out of this?"
"I will. I have the money in my purse at this moment—more than enough."

this moment—more than enough."

She spread it out on the table before her that
Ann might see for herself and be convinced,

"Them notes look genuine, my lady. Reckon
you can depend on me. You'll be my friend
after you get clear of this?"

"Serve me faithfully, and I pledge you my
word that you shall never lose by it."

the situation.
"We will take no decisive step until to-morrow," she said at length. "But I pray you to be careful." Ann was correct in the information she had

ann was correct in the information age has given. Late in the afternoon of the following day, Major Pascal appeared at the door of his ward's chamber, bearing a large bundle.

"It is your wedding-dress," he said, depositing the bundle on a chair. "You will find a vail, gloves and all the usual paraphernalia with it. I choose that my son's bride shall be dressed in a manner suited to her station."

Gwendolen looked at him scornfully; but she made no reply.
"At ten o'clock this evening the clergyman ar. "You found no clew to your missing end?"

"At ten o'clock this evening the dergyman will be here. I shall come for you myself at the hour named. If you are sensible, my dear, you will submit quietly, and cause no further trouble. It is the best course for you to pur-

As the young girl still remained silent, Major Pascal retired. To tell the truth, he was unable to bear her indignant glances without shrinking; they stirred the little manhood remaining

in his craven nature.

Meanwhile, Gwendolen had been developing an idea. When Ann Hawkins appeared a little

"Uncle Pascal, I have always obeyed you in all things just and reasonable."

"No doubt you think so. But you conveniently draw the dividing line to suit yourself."

He walked to the window and stood there a moment drumming on the pane, evidently at a "Suppose you give it a moment's consideration now? If you were only shrewd enough to

play your part well, you might take my place to-night and be made Mrs. Valentine Pascal." The woman started, caught her breath. Gwendolen had spoken in a half-jesting tone, but the idea thus thrown out proved a dazzling bait to

the cunning creature.

"I wonder if it could be carried out?" she muttered, reflectively.

"You wouldn't really marry Valentine if you could?"

I don't know, miss. It wouldn't be a bad

stroke of business, perhaps. He might never acknowledge me, but he'd be compelled to give me a support, or I'd raise a pretty breeze about bis again.

me a support his ears."

"Don't do it," gasped Gwendolen, beginning to regret already having put such an idea into the woman's head. "Major Pascal and Valentine would be very angry. You do not know to what lengths they might be led in their

to what lengths they might be led in their fury."

"I'm not afraid," was the sturdy answer.

"They wouldn't dare offer me personal injury—
I'd like to see them try it. Yes, I think I will run the risk of making the experiment."

Gwendolen's own plans were very simple. She had decided to dress herself in the suit of boys' clothes that had served a good purpose once or twice already, and steal forth, shortly after dark. Ann would assist her to leave the house. The rest would be comparatively easy. Her own horse was still in the stable, and she could find his stall and saddle him unassisted in an emergency like this.

She hoped to be far on the way toward Dis-

find his stall and saddle him unassisted in an emergency like this.

She hoped to be far on the way toward Dismal Hollow before her absence should be discovered by the major or Valentine.

Never had she made a toilet so carefully as that she shortly began. Bolting the door on the inside, she stood before the mirror, and, one by one, severed the black silken tresses of which she had always felt a trifle vain, they were so dark, glossy and luxuriant. More than one sigh escaped her lips ere the task was ended and she laid the shining curls aside. But it was necessary to make the metamorphosis as perfect as possible. She could not tell beforehand under what eyes she might be compelled to pass, or how long the disguise must be maintained.

When Ann Hawkins was admitted early in the evening, Gwendolen's toilet was complete. The woman drew back staring hard, as if scarcely able to credit the evidence of her senses.

"Lord, miss, how them clothes do change

"Lord, miss, how them clothes do change your appearance! You're a deal too pr. tty for a boy, that's all the trouble. You look too clean and tidy, and your hands are too white. Now couldn't you contrive to get a bruise or two, and a scratch or two, and a black eye and a broken

ose or something?"
Gwendolen smiled at the criticism, but saw

Gwendolen smiled at the criticism, but saw its justness.

"I think some of the defects you notice can be remedied," she answered. "Thank you for pointing them out."

"It's time you were off," whispered Ann, drawing near, and speaking in a nervous tone. "Be you ready, my lady; and be you brave enough to carry through your part!"

"I could go through fire and water to find deliverance from the danger that threatens me in this house," was the energetic answer.

"Good. You'll do, I reckon. Now come along."

Gwendolen had made up a small bundle of such things as she wished to take away with her. She picked it up from the dressing-case where it was lying, and with a beating heart prepared to follow Ann Hawkins from the

room.

The whole house seemed silent as the grave, After listening for a minute at the door, the woman caught Gwendolen's hand and hurried her along the dark corridor to the servants' staircase, which they descended together.

Just as they gained the lower hall, footsteps were heard approaching, and a gleam of light danced along the floor just before them. Annuttered an exclamation. Had she been a per-

danced along the floor just before them. Annuttered an exclamation. Had she been a nervous woman, the daring flight must have been discovered then and there. But, cool and quick in an emergency, she pushed Gwendolen into a small closet under the stairs, shut the door upon her, and walked boldly on.

It was Major Pascal himself who came down the hall the next instant, a wax taper in his hand. He looked very much disturbed.

"Is it you, Ann?" he said, stopping short. "I felt certain I heard footsteps. What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I've just been up stairs to take Miss Varian some refreshments," she answered, in a

careless tone.
"Humph! How does my ward appear? As if she had decided to make the best of the situa-I should say she did, sir. But you can neve tell how it is with these young girls. They are variable as the wind."

"Very true."
"My lady is at her toilet, sir. I do think you'll find her ready when the hour arrives."
The major heaved a sigh of satisfaction.
"I hope the minx isn't playing any of her tricks," he muttered, as he moved away. "She's

full of them as any monkey. One never knows what to expect."

The instant he was gone Ann ran back, and pulled Gwen out of the closet with scant cere-"Now's your time," she whispered. "Go di rectly to the stables for your horse. And don't stop to look behind you or you are lost!" A moment more and they stood at a side door

an other thore and they stood at a safe door quite remote from the front of the house. Ann carried a key, which she deftly fitted, and the bolt shot back like lightning. The cold night air struck upon their faces.

"Good-by," said Gwendolen, clasping the woman's hand. "I shall not forget the service woman's hand." ou've done me.

you've done me."

"You're good to say so, my lady. Let re know when you're settled down all safe, and I'll see what you can do for me. I shall expect something handsome, mind."

"You shall have anything you like when I come into possession of my own."

"That's clever, my lady. Heaven speed the day.!" day "I wish you would come away with me to-night," said Gwendolen, looking up at the wo-man with a shiver. "It's a great risk to run for

ou to remain and brave the fury of those wretches. Do come."

Ann drew back.
"Don't be troubling yourself about me, miss.
I can hold my own against them. I have my
own purposes to fulfill, you see. Now be off."
She stood in the doorway, peering into the
darkness long after Gwendolen had dropped her
hand and disappeared. Presently the faint thud
of hoofs fell upon her ears: she listened until the
sounds died away in the distance.
The girl is off at last," she muttered, grimly,
shutting the door, and stealing up the stairs.
"Now my part of the programme must be carried out."

ried out.

ried out."
Returning to Gwendolen's deserted chamber, Ann proceeded to array herself in the weddingdress. It was of heavy white silk, trimmed with deep flowers of lace. The woman's eyes sparkled as she noticed its extreme elegance.
"Lord, what a beauty. I know it cost a pile of money. Reckon I'll stow it away with my own gowns, if I'm compelled to leave here."
Of course the dress was too small, but Ann managed to struggle into it. Not a hook would fasten, but her fingers were deft, and by carefully arranging the lace, she succeeded in concealing all defects. The long tulle vail she tied on in such a manner as to cover her head and shoulders pretty effectually.
"I'm not such a bad-looking bride, after all,"

"Tm not such a bad-looking bride, after all," she thought, smirking at herself in the glass. "Valentine Pascal might go further and fare

worse."

She had a long time to wait, at least it seemed long to her. When Major Pascal at last knocked at the door, she was sitting in one corner of the room and had turned the lamp very low. The major had a duplicate key, and, though she had locked herself in, of course he found no difficulty in gaining admittance. The bolt shot back before the echo of his knock had died away.

"We wait for you, Gwendolen," he said, approaching, and drawing her arm within his. "I am rejoiced to find you so obedient, my dear. Believe me, you will never regret giving yourself to my son"

Believe me, you will never regret giving yourself to my son."

There was no reply. Wondering at her silence and submission, and yet half afraid to break the spell that seemed to have fallen upon her, the major hurried his companion down the gloomy staircase. Valentine stood in the lower hall, waiting to receive his bride.

"My darling," he whispered, taking her hand in his burning clasp. "After your coyness and reluctance, you are to be mine at last! I am too happy even to thank you for this concession."

The clergyman stood at the far end of the drawing-room. None of the chandeliers were lighted, a single lamp burned on the inlaid table

lighted, a single lamp burned on the inlaid table at the man's elbow, and this was the only attempt at illumination. Very grateful indeed felt Ann for the obscurity in which father and son attempted to cloak their evil deeds.

The ceremony began. Not far had it proceeded before Major Pascal began to fidget and stare. Could that be the graceful figure of his ward! Why did she wear her vail so singularly? It quite covered her face.

He stepped a little nearer, breaking out in a cold perspiration. "Stop!" he shouted, suddenly. "There is some deception here. I'm sure of it."

The next instant he had torn off the vail, revealing the half-frightened but thoroughly-insolent features of Ann Hawkins. None too soon. A few words more and she would have been Valentine's wife, legally bound to him.

A wild scene ensued. The infuriated major, and the disappointed bridegroom, rushed upstairs to Gwendolen's chamber only to find that their intended victim had escaped. It was useless to excite themselves; she was gone, leaving no clew by which to trace her flight.

By the time they had thoroughly searched the house, Ann Hawkins was also missing. She had taken away all her possessions, it was discovered, and also the wedding-dress.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 460.)

MARY AND HER BOW.

Of archery was Mary fond, And often with her beau— Who never had an arrow mind— Unto the fields would go;

Where happily they'd pass the day, Joined in a friendly strife, While John would wish, with frequent sigh, That they were joined for life.

For every time that Mary's shaft Would through the bull's-eye dart, With feeble sigh would John reveal The shaft shot through his heart.

But Mary, with as arch a look As ever archer sent, Still bent her bow, without a thought On what her beau was bent.

She heeded not his quivering glance,
Like lightning in the dark;
But from her quiver drew a shaft,
Which glanced far from its mark.

Ah, Mary, thou dissembling Miss,
That little miss of thine

▲ tale did tell more easy read
Than one of detail fine.

It told of Love's all-kindling glow, It told of keener dart From Cupid's bow than ever pierced The heart of stricken hart.

And Mary, wilt thou play coquette, Thy saucy ringlets toss? Quit toying with thy good cross-bow, Nor make thy fond beau cross.

For reck'st thou not the sea of life Shows many wrecks' sad fate, Sad hearts cast off by fickle maids? Oh, shun not Love's best state.

Too taut, the bow will surely break, Or slackened be the cord; Her heart was in accord with his, Love taught in silent word.

She threw her cross-bow on the ground, And quiver with it, too; With quivering heart she gave her hand; "My beau, I love you true!

Your love, dear John, I'll e'er hold dear— Deserve it, if I can— My aim in life shall be to please So amiable a man."

And then her lips—ah, cherry ripe— She offered him to kiss; Said he: "Of all my pleasant days, I ne'er was dazed like this.

"So long has been my breast the mark For every wandering doubt,
That your remark my senses sent
At once to scattered rout.

"In Eastern lands, the dread bowstring Ends many a wretch's fate; But wer't not for thy bowstring, love, Our hearts might never mate."

And thus may every loving pair, Secure from ills apart, By Cupid's arrow stricken be, And skewered through the heart.

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Merle, the Mutineer;

THE BRAND OF THE RED ANCHOR.

A Romance of Sunny Lands and Blue Waters.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM. AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE SURF ANGEL," "THE CORSAIRS OF HISTORY," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE CRE-TAN ROVER," "THE PIR. PRINCE," ETC., ETC. "THE PIRATE

CHAPTER XXXV.

NEPTUNE AND THE SEA.

NEPTUNE ANAV.

NEPTUNE AND THE SEA.

THE Scene of the grand bai masque, held the last night of Carnival, was the Hotel Sainte Louis, a magnificent edifice, combining an exchange, hotel, bank, and ball-salons with their antechambers.

The main front was on the Rue St. Louis, and hither, as early as eight o'clock, the carriages of the aristocracy began to arrive and deposit their human freight—all en magque.

At nine o'clock a coupé dashed up to the door, and a single occupant stepped forth, the costume which he evidently wore concealed by a long black cloak, and his face by a mask of silk of the same hue.

Ascending the broad stairway, he gave his giltetized ticket to a lieutenant of gendarmes, appointed to receive them, and passed into the anteroom for swords and robes, where a gendarme received his arms, a pair of handsomely mounted pistois and short sword, for gentlemen were not allowed to enter the salon armed, under a heavy penalty.

Throwing aside his domino he appeared as the impersonator of Neptune, and his perfect costume was the admiration of all who saw him, for it was rich in the extreme, while a necklace of superb diamonds encircled his neck, and to it was suspended an anchor of princely rubies, the lights from the precious stones dazzling the eyes of the lookers-on.

Entering the grand saloon a scene of gorgeous beauty and splendor met his eyes. He stood a moment, gazing upon the life and magnificence, with the murmur of voices rising like distant thunder, the regular tread of dancing feet, and the crash of music.

Then he began to thread his way through the gor-

music.

Then he began to thread his way through the gorgeous throng, his eyes searching right and left for some object, while he was himself the cynosure of all whom he passed near.

Peering into the alcoves which lined the walls, a little raised from the floor, he gave a searching glance at every costume. Whoever he sought he expended determined to find.

glance at every costume. Whoever he sought he seemed determined to find.

Presently he started. Before him stood four persons in a group, and evidently of the same party and known to each other.

There were two gentlemen and two ladies, one of the former in the full uniform of a captain of the United States navy, and his face securely masked; the other in plain evening dress, yet also wearing a The lady who hung on the arm of the officer had

already won the name of the belle of the bal masque, from the exquisite beauty of her costume, and the rare loveliness of her form.

She represented "The Sea," and her dress was formed of the most costly green velvet, silk and satin, woven together so as to look like the deep green waters, while it was capped with lace, worth a small fortune, to resemble foam.

The train extended far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around her tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of silver scales, a coronet of beautiful coral, from which fell a gauze vail of Nile-green, and of the finest texture, bracelets and necklaces of large pearls and emeralds, all real stones, a silver anchor hanging to one side, and a coil of golden rope to the other, completed this marvelous and wonderfully beautiful costume, excepting a mask of silver network.

ork.
The fourth person of the group, who hung on the arm of the gentleman in citizen attire, was also beautiful in form and rarely dressed in crimson velvet and black lace; a mask of exquisite lace also concealing her features.

"Father Neptune seeks The Sea! Make room, all, for Neptune and The Sea!"

for Neptune and The Sea!"
The voice rung out above all other sounds, from the lips of some mask whose eyes had suddenly fallen upon the two characters.
At his cry the crowd separated right and left, and the one who had so earnestly been searching the salon found himself face to face with the object of his search.

search.

The cry of the mask, caught up by half a hundred other voices, decided him, and he stepped forward and bent low before the now receding Sea, at finding herself so suddenly made disagreeably conspicuous.

"Old Father Neptune bends low before thy beauty, ol., Sea! and casts the anchor of his hopes at thy lair feet."

As he spoke he offered his arm, while the lady hesitating, her escort, the naval captain, answered for her, for he cared not to lose her society: "We are not crossing the Equator, Father Nepture, where thou hast a right to shake thy hoary locks in

where thou hast a right to shake thy hoary locks in our faces."

"One of thy trade, as thy buttons show, whose alling it is to tinge the green waves with the blood of his fellow-men, should remember he is not upon his own deck now," was the quick retort, and a murnur of applause greeted the reply of old Neptune, while the one addressed, and the lady upon his arm, started at the words.

Then again bending low before The Sea, Neptune continued:

"The dancing of thy waves, oh, Sea, it is ever my loy to behold, and I pray thee allow the winds to

Then again bending low before The Sea, Neptune continued:

"The dancing of thy waves, oh, Sea, it is ever my joy to behold, and I pray thee allow the winds to waft us through the mazee of this rippling dance."

There was something in the tone of the speaker that caused the one addressed to again start, and glancing down her eye fell upon his hand.

Then, with strange eagerness, she left the arm of the officer, who said, coldly:

"I will await you here."

Another instant and she was floating around the room upon the arm of old Neptune.

One turn of the grand solon, to the admiration of all who witnessed the exquisite grace with which both danced, and Neptune drew his companion through an arched doorway out upon a balcony, which had been arranged to serve as a conservatory, for it was filled with fragrant flowers and rure exotics, while a number of little rustic arbors, with silk-cushioned seats here and there, were hidden amid the foliage—the very retreat for lovers.

"The tide sets hitherward, oh, Sea; and we cannot stem the current," and Neptune led his companion into a rustic arbor at the further end of the balcony.

"Oh. Merle!"

With this cry the maiden sunk upon an ottoman. "You know me, then, Mildred?" said the man, sadly.
"Yes, your voice told me who you were; but, Merie, you are lost—you are lost!"
"I do not understand you, Miss Monteith."
"Wilber Sebastian is here; he returned some days

"Wilber Sebastian is here; he returned some days ago."
"I know it. I took you from his arm—I came here to see you, Mildred."
It did not occur to her to ask how he had discovered her; she only trembled at the risk he had run, and repeated again:
"Merle, Merle, why did you come here?"
"I discover that my presence is unwelcome; I will lead you back to Captain Sebastian," he said, bitterly.
"No, no; now you are angry, and without cause. Though I longed to see you, Merle, I wished not that you should come here. Day after day I have waited to hear from you, that I might come to you, wherever you were."

to hear from you, that I might come to you, wherever you were."

"I have come to you, Mildred."

"But it is death for you to remain here. You are outlawed as a pirate, a deserter, and a mutineer, by your own government, and, condemned to be shot without trial, wherever found, on land or sea."

The man started.

"And this is true, Mildred?"

"Yes, Ms story was believed, and he has been given another vessel—asloop-of-war."

"By Heaven! his triumph shall be short-lived. Mildred, do you believe me the guilty being I am said to be?"

"Merle, you know that I do not," said the maiden, reproachfully.

"And Cantain Granville?"

reproachfully.

"And Captain Grenville?"

"Is at a loss what to believe. He heard Captain Sebastian's statements before the investigating committee, and the sworn testimony of his officers and men, who were with him, and he was exonerated, and you condemned."

"So let it be for the present. Making I.b.

men, who were with him, and he was exonerated, and you condemned."

"So let it be, for the present. Mildred, I have that proof which will cause Wilber Sebastian to be disgraced, after which, having been driven from the navy, he will fall to my revenge.

"I came here to meet my own faithful crew, or to communicate with them, and have them brought before a naval committee as soon as I could get trial; then the whole truth will come out regarding this terrible affair."

"Merle, I have never believed you guilty, and to prove it I will tell you what carried us to Havana," and Mildred told of the letters received from poor Jack Buntline and her entreaties to follow the schooner, which caused Captain Grenville to pursue in the yacht, all of which Merle already knew, but which he listened to eagerly, from her lips.

"I held no doubt of you, Mildred, or of Captain Grenville; but it pains me to feel that he believes me guilty."

"Merle, he knows not what to think; he has heard everything against you, and nothing in your favor; he has always liked Sebastian, and also Lleutenant Alden, and the secret influence of Estelle is terribly against you.

"He grieves for you, as though you were his own

against you.
"He grieves for you, as though you were his own son, but in appearance everything points to your

son, but in appearance everything points to your guilt."

"Mildred, I will not now tell you all that I have suffered, or that passed upon that floating hell, the schooner of Wilber Sebastian; but within the month all shall be made clear—"

"Not sconer, Merle?"

"It will be impossible sconer, and perhaps it may take longer, for I have much to do, and have to immediately return to Vera Cruz, from whence I have just come, and as the yacht is my own property, I will take it. I saw it at anchor in the stream as I came up the river."

"Yes, Merton Ainsile is in charge of it, Captain Grenville having sent the crew home to the plantation."

Grenville having sent the crew home to the plantation."

"It is just as well; Ainsie can go with me, and I can secure a crew here."

"But, why return to Vera Cruz, Merle?"

"But, why return to Vera Cruz, Merle?"

"Duty compels me. I came here to receive letters of importance I expected, but mainly to see you, Mildred, and hear from your own lips you did not believe me guilty."

"No, Merle, I could never doubt you."

"Thank you, my own Mildred! Your words will make me happy in spite of my own sorrow; but I have a revelation to make you, Mildred, that may make me almost criminal in your sight; but not now; not now," and Merle shuddered as he remembered how his back had been scarred with the cruel lash.

now; not now," and Merle shuddered as he remembered how his back had been scarred with the cruel lash.

Would not this indignity, this felon's punishment, degrade him forever in her sight?
Such was his mental query, and such had been the thought burning in his brain since the first blow had cut deep into his bare flesh.

"I will write a note to Captain Grenville, telling him I have taken the yacht, and mail it to him tomorrow, and as soon as I can I will return to plead my cause before the world that has made me so infamous without a hearing."

"And within a month, Merle?"

"Sooner, perhaps, Mildred; perhaps it may take a longer time, for I shall remain a very short while in Vera Cruz, and then return here to work up my defense, though I shall have to do so in disguise."

It did not occur to Merle that his meeting with the Mexican, Major Vistal Guarena, whose challenge he had accepted, had any danger for him.

"But, Mildred," he continued, after a short pause, "if you believe him guilty, why do you appear in public with him?" and there was a shade of jealousy in Merle's voice.

"Because I cannot help it; this costume I had made to wear to this ball, and, you remember, you had promised to run over and accompany me.

"Upon returning from Havana, Captain Grenville and his wife became my guests, and Estelle asked her brother to the mansion, and, biding my time, for I wished no outbreak until I heard from you, I have treated him and his sister with friendly regard, though greatly against my will, and of course I could not refuse him as my escort to-night, for Estelle and Wilber were bent upon coming, and I yielded, and forced smiles to my lips while my heart was full of tears.

"A'n, Merle! you must return soon and brand the

lie upon the brow of Wilber Sebastian, or my poor

ne upon the brow of Wilber Sebastian, or my poor heart must break.

"I am but a girl, and you a mere youth, yet I feel that we are not children, and can suffer deeply; so hasten, Merle, to take from your lips and mine this cup of bitterness."

"I swear it, Mildred: if within two months I do not prove myself innocent of the charges against me, then you can believe me the guilty wretch that men call me. Now, farewell."

He merely pressed her hand in his own and led

call me. Now, farewell."

He merely pressed her hand in his own, and led her away from the arbor.

Entering the salon they circled once round in the waltz, their hearts full of hopeful joy, dread and pain commingled, and then he left her upon the arm of Wilber Sebastian, and without a word turned away, and disappeared from the earnest eyes of Mildred, that followed his retreating form.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE YACHT MAKES A VOYAGE WHEN Merle left the Salon Sainte Louis he passed out into the street, still crowded with many mask-ers, and calling to a cabriolet that was passing, or-dered the driver to go with all speed to the Cabaret

orleans.
Upon his arrival he quickly paid his score, packed o his things, and carpet-bag in hand returned to the aiting vehicle.
Giving the address he desired to stop at, Merle trew himself back on the cushions and was lost in eep thought, until the driver drew rein upon the

threw himself back on the cushions and was lost in deep thought, until the driver drew rein upon the quay.

Handing him a piece of money, Merle looked around the deserted wharf for a boat, and finding a small skiff, sprung in, and seizing the oars was soon flying over the murky wa ers.

In five minutes he was alongside a small vessel, upon the deck of which he the next instant stood.

"Hulloa! who have we here?" cried a voice, and a man stepped from the cabin.

"Ah! Ainslie, I am glad to have found you. I feared you, like all others in the city, had gone carnival-mad, and would be away. Are you alone?"

"I am, sir, excepting an old shipmate who came aboard to keep me company with a bottle of wine and cigar; but, you are unknown to me," and Merton Ainslie gazed earnestly into the face before him, for Merle had resumed his disguise of an old man.

"Ah! I forgot; I am he whom men call Merle, the Mutineer, deserter, pirate, or whatsoe'er you will," said the youth, bitterly.

"Mr. Grenville! I am indeed glad to see you! I knew not you were in New Orleans, and your disguise is most complete."

"Yes, I came here upon important business, and I must leave to night for Vera Cruz, and in the yacht; but I will return hither after a short delay in Mexico. Will you accompany me there?"

"With pleasure, sir; but—"

"I know what you would say—Captain Grenville left you in charge of the yacht; but the vessel, Mr. Ainslie, is my own, and not an hour ago I left Captain Grenville and his party at the Salon Sainte Louis, where I made known to Miss Monteith my intention of going to Vera Cruz, and she it was that told me I would find you here."

"That is a secondary matter, for you can easily procure one, and at once. Is the vessel stored?"

"Not for more than two days' cruise."

"Here is gold. You have a companion with you, you say?"

"A seaman?"

"Here is gold. You have a companion with you, you say?"
"Yes, sir."
"A seaman?"
"He shall have one; I will make you my first luff, your friend my second; call him, please."
In answer to the call of Merton Ainslie, a young man stepped on deck, and, by the light of the cabin that fell upon him, Merle saw a good-looking face, marked by recklessness and dissipation, and a compact form, under the medium hight.
This was Merton Ainslie's shipmate, Louis Chandeleur by name, and a Louisiana Creole, who, with his companion, had been a midshipman in the navy from which the two had been dismissed for some wild escapade.

escapade.

Since his dismissal Louis Chandeleur had gone steadily down hill, until he had lately served before the mast in a coaster; but, made of better material, Merton Ainslie had been endeavoring to hold his head up among his peers as a gentleman, for he came of a good family, yet poor one.

"Mr. Chandeleur, I intend sailing in the yacht tonight, and I wish a crew. I will make you my second officer, Ainslie being my first; will you sail with me?"

"Yes, sir," promptly answered the young man, asking no questions as to destination or anything else.

'Can you secure me a crew of ten men within the "Yes, sir; by giving them extra pay, and some gold in hand."

gold in hand."

"Here is gold; I want only good men."

"I will get you men who will be saints or devils as you desire, sir," and the young man smiled.

"Enough; return here within the hour with them, or as soon after as you can. Now, Ainslie, how long will it take you to get stores;"

"I know a merchant who lives near here, sir; his store is yonder on the levee. I will rouse him, and gold will soon bring him to terms."

"Very well; I will write some letters, and meet you at the pier within an hour, with the yacht's boats.

"You and Chandeleur go ashore in my skiff," and going into the cabin Merle sat down at a rosewood desk and for half an hour was busy writing to those of the mutineer crew whom he wished to meet him

of the mullheer crew whom he wished to meet him New Orleans upon his return.

He also wrote Captain Grenville a short note telling him he had taken the yacht, but would be back in the city before very long.

In the meantime the two friends rowed away from the vessel to the pier, Louis Chandeleur asking:

"Who is the old cove, Mert? He talks as though he knew what he was about."

"He does, Lou, and before the voyage is ended you may know who he is; now, I can tell you nothing."

ou may know who he is; now, I can tell you nothng."

"Don't care, Mert; ar'n't inquisitive in the least,
"His gold has the ring of true metal, and he is
avish with it, for I've got enough to drown me if I
umble overboard; must be careful."
"You must be careful, Lou, not to tumble into a
pree, now that you have money. If you come back
runk the captain would set you ashore."
"Don't doubt it, Mert; will take care of that.
"I'm going to Palpito's cabaret, and I can get
here a crew of Frenchmen, Spaniards, Americans
and West India niggers—if the captain wants 'em to
o is to damn 'em, and they'll do it, for they know
ust what to do when they get cursed from the quarer-deck.

er-deck.
"I found this out in my last cruise to Honduras; such a crew saves much talking, and a few onzas to the padre will save his soul as far as the swearing

the padre will save his soul as far as the swearing goes.

"Nothing like it when you want anything done, Mert."

"Which, Lou, the swearing or the onzas f"

"Both; what cursing won't do, gold will.

"But just to think, awhile since I was a pawre diable, taking a glass of noyeau with you; my expectations nothing, my worldly possessions my clothing, which is slightly 'tattered and torn,' as daylight will show—oh! what a dresser-up of the beggar is darkness, Mert—"

"I find a man lives longer on jokes than groans, Mert; a joke sounds better on an empty stomach, and a laugh staves off for an hour the pangs of hunger; with patience, a crumb here, a bone there, a laugh, a joke, and some philosophy a man can starve and not die outright.

"But you changed the golden current of my thoughts, anio; I was saying that I was no longer a miserable, but with gold in my lockers, hope in my heart, and the prospect of a bon voyage.

"But, here is the pier; in an hour, or soon after, I will be here with my mixed breed of seamen," and bounding ashore the gay young profligate darted away upon his mission.

In the time specified Merle was at the wharf with the yacht's two boats, and, shortly after, Merton Ainslie appeared, accompanied by a dray well loaded.

The load was cast off and the driver sent back for a second load, just as Louis Chandeleur returned with his crew.

Whatever might be said of the dissimilarity of the dozen men he brought with him, as regarded their personal appearance, they all were strangely allice in one particular—drunk!

But Louis had kept his word, and was sober, and commenced the practice of his advice to Merton Ainslie, by cursing the men into the boats, when Merle's stern tones soon brought order out of chaos, and had all on board the yacht, which, just as the gray of dawn appeared over the distant house-tops, gilded swiftly down the river, a five-knot breeze sending her merrily along, and her salls well set in spite of the drunken crew; but, however intoxicated a true seams may be, he can generally atten

and few superiors.

As if to favor this waif of fortune, the winds blew steadily and strong, and the yacht was kept under all the canvas that she would bear, and run into the harbor of Vera Cruz in what, in those days, before steamers plied the ocean, was a remarkably short

time.

And still she could have made port a few hours sooner, had not Merle purposely shortened sail to make an anchorage after nightfall.

"Mr. Ainslie, I would like to see you, sir, in the cabin.'

The yacht was now anchored before the city, and Merton Ainslie followed Merle into the cabin.
"Mr. Ainslie, I think I can trust you, sir."

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"Mr. Ansile, I think I can trust you, sir."

"Assuredly, sir."

"I came back to Vera Cruz for a special purpose, and though I make known the circumstance to you, I wish it, under no circumstances, to be known to others; do you understand?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Grenville."

"Very well; I have an affair of honor to settle here with Major Vistal Guarena, of the Castle San Juan de Uloa. It will be a private matter, for, when I accepted his challenge, I did not expect to have you with me in Vera Cruz at the time the duel was to be fought.

to be fought.

"I expect the meeting will be to-morrow, or next day; if not, very soon after, and I am going to the hotel to remain.

"If I am not back on the yacht one week from to-

and not back on the yacht one week from tomorrow, or you have not heard from me, I will be
dead, and I wish you to return to New Orleans and
report to Captain Grenvile.

'In the inner drawer of this desk you will find a
package addressed to Miss Mildred Monteith, and to
her I wish you to deliver it in person, for it is of the
greatest value, and the papers of the utmost inportance; they are all in this little box and here is
the kev."

portance; they are all in this little box and here is the key."

I hope I will have no use for the key, sir, for I trust-you will come out all right," said Merton Ainslie, warmly.

"I expect to, Ainslie, for, without vanity, I may say I have a quick and sure eye with a pistol, and a strong arm and a skillful hand with a sword.

"I have no dread whatever of meeting a foe with either weapon; but then, accidents will sometimes happen, and tis best to be prepared, and I repeat, if, by to-morrow week, I am not here, or you have not heard from me, return to New Orleans in the yacht.

yacht.
"Here is plenty of gold for your expenses, and to pay off the men, besides a good bonus for you and Chandeleur. Now, call one of the boats to the gangway to put me on shore."
Merton Ainslie obeyed the order, and wrung his commander's hand, as he went over the side, in farewell.

commander's hand, as he went over the side, in farewell.

In half an hour more Don Leon Merlino, Ranchero,
from Corpus Christi, was again on the hotel books,
and that personage, divested of his disguise, was enjoying a substantial dinner, after having dispatched
a messenger to Major Vistal Gnarena to inform him
that, true to his word, he had come back to Vera
Cruz for the honor of meeting him in the duello; no
was that the only motive that carried him back to
Mexico—he hoped to learn from the lips of Don
Felipe Cosala, the Monté Prince, why he had shown
such hatred toward him, when a mere boy, as to
slay those who were his protectors, and carry him
from his home.

Merle had determined to hold the Monté Prince answerable for the past.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FALSE! "My God! was man ever tempted thus? And thus empted, did man ever resist?" The cry, for a cry it was, came from the lips of lerton Ainslie.

Merton Ainslie.

He was seated in the cabin of the yacht, the companious locked, and before him lay an open box.

His heal rested in his hands, and his face was haggard and white.

The little vessel was gliding swiftly along, having dropped the sunny land of Mexico astern a few hours before.

dropped the sunny land of Mexico astern a few hours before.

Then, when the frowning turrets of the San Juan de Uloa were no longer visible, Merton Ainslie had left the deck in charge of Louis Chandeleur and gone into the cabin.

Rising quickly from his seat, he began to pace to and fro, his walk extending necessarily but a few steps; but he cared not for that.

"I more than did what he asked," he muttered; "I awaited ten days, instead of one week, and upon going to the hotel they told me he had gone out a week before one evening, and had never returned. He is dead! I know he is dead, poor fellow!

"Well, there lies my temptation to do wrong, and I am yielding."

He took up a bundle of papers as he spoke and glanced over them.

"These tell the story of where the guilt lay in that mutiny, and he gives the address of each one of the seamen who will swear to the truth of his statement; would to God he had lived to have brought Wilber Sebastian to justice, and then I would not have been so tempted.

"If she reads these papers, she will see that he is

tempted.
'If she reads these papers, she will see that he is occur-ay, if she reads the papers, these must go th them.

As he spoke he held up in his hand the diamond cklace and ruby anchor already known to the These are alone enough to tempt a saint, and I

never was even good.
"Then this dirk, with its gem-studded hilt in the shape of an anchor, and the gold scabbard with its

shape of an anchor, and the gold scabbard with its precious stones!

"And this ring! Holy Neptune! what a stone!

"Lucifer sympathize with me, for thou didst fall from heaven to hell."

Again he sprung to his feet and paced the room for a long time, to once more resume his seat.

"Had I never met her to know her, the generous allowance of gold he left to square accounts would have been enough for me; but, Mildred Monteith, your ravishing beauty is what tempts me to this sin. "Pardeu! you, ah, woman, as in the days of Adam, art still a temptress. Yes, Mildred Monteith, I love you so deeply, that I lose my soul to gain you.

I love you so deeply, that I lose my soul to gain you.

"Ha! ha! ha! these jewels, disposed of through the grasping Israelites, will give me gold far beyond the wealth of Midred Monteith.

"Then, with riches at my command, I will seek and win you, proud beauty; for I will sympathize with you in the ignominy of him whom you trusted. You must never know that he was innocent; for, thus knowing, you would revere his memory. No, you must hate him, even dead, and then I can work on your heart with better hopes of success.

"Let me see—the gems in the scabbard of this dirk shall go first; they will get me a handsome home in the edge of the city, furnish it luxuriously, and fit me out with horses and carriages; besides, now I look at them again, they should run the establishment for several months.

"Merton Ainslie, you are a made man! No more tar-stained fingers—no more weary deck watches—no more two-frane dinners, with cloudy claret to wash down tough steaks.

"No, my boy, you will feast on the fat of the land, and take to your heart the most beautiful girlin New Orleans.

"Well, what a change! From a poor sailor to a

Orleans. "Well, what a change! From a poor sailor to a a swell about town.

And all thrown into my hands without the ask-

"And all thrown into my hands without the asking!

Be still, accursed conscience. How dare you raise grim specters before my diamond-blind eyes, for can I see through the sparkling beauty of these precious stones?

"No, no; but I wish all had been diamonds. These are emeralds in this gold scabbard, and they mean, perhaps, I am green for falling as I do when tempted; and here are pearls—do these suggest that Mildred Monteith is a 'pearl beyond price,' or winning?

"And these rubies! they are red, and blood is red."

"Bah! why do I shudder?
"And here is a superbopal in the head of this dirk it, and 'its said that opals bring misfortune—and s cursedly suggestive in a dirk hilt—a pointed re-

inder, perhaps.
"Well, the die is cast, and here goes! I accept the tternative, come what may."
Carefully he placed the precious stones back in neir receptacle, returned to the inner drawer of the eak, and locking it, carefully put the key away from cent.

sight.

The papers he then rolled up in a package, and ascended to the deck.

Watching his opportunity, when no one was looking, he dropped them into the sea.

"Mert, old fellow, you are as white as the ghost of your grandmother; the death of the captain has unnerved you," said Louis Chandeleur, joining him, as the roll of papers sunk from sight beneath the blue waters. waters.
"Yes, I am not well, and I was greatly attached to

the captain."

"And the yellow fever carried him off? Yellow Jack will get the best of strangers, whenever they come to this port; was he sick long?"

"Not long, Lou; but he left the men treble what they bargained for, and you and I get a cool thousand price." apiece."
"Saint Jonah's whale! I will be a millionaire on a
"Small scale.
"Let me see; I'll dine at the Café Saints Louis, and
"Let me see; I'll dine at the Café Saints Louis, and if my worthy uncle, Simon Levy, has not disposed of my watch and chain, and sundry other articles that go to make up a gentleman's wardrobe, I will cut a swell on the Rue Royale."

"Lou, stop your nonsense and listen to me,"
"All attention, Mert."
"You are poor?"
"As a church-mouse—until I get that thousand

"As a church-mouse—until I get that thousand peoos."
"Hush! will you make me a promise, if I put you in the way of making a fortune?"
"I'll make you a thousand promises, Mert."
"No, two will do, and if you pledge yourself sacredly to keep those I will do something handsome by you when we return to the city."
"The promise, Mert, for you seem in earnest."
"I am in earnest; you have two vices."
"Now you are joking; there are not two that I have not laid up against me."
"You are not as bad as that; but you will drink and gamble."

"Fact! I lose my wits by the former, and my money by the latter."
"You have a mother and sister who love you,

"You have a motion Lou."

The young man's face changed color at once.
"Don't speak of my poor old mother, and of Fidele,
Mert; I have disgraced their name long since; it is
the one arrow in my heart."
"Then it is time you began reform."
"Satan rebuking sin," said Lou, in a mischievous

"Then it is time you began reform."

"Satan rebuking sin," said Lou, in a mischlevous voice

"I know it, and that shot hits harder than you have any idea, Lou; but we can all preach to others, while our own lives are stained. Never mind; promise me, upon your sacred word of honor, and by the love you hold for your mother and sister, that you will never again drink to intoxication or gamble."

"I swear it, Mert; I have not tasted liquor since I left New Orleans, and I do not feel the need of it now. As for gambling, I have thrown money away at cards that should have bought bread for my mother and sister; but, tell me, Merton Ainslie, where did you find a gold-mine?"

It was another random shot that hit home, and the one to whom it was addressed colored and turned away, while he said, pleasantly:

"My gold-mine is in perspective, Lou; you know I have a rich uncle in New York, who is an old bachelor?"

"That's so; is the old man in ill-health? I ask from no idle curiosity of course."

"A letter, received ere I left, stated he was not in his usual good health, and you know I am his only heir," and no more was said on the subject then; but, when the yacht let fall her anchor before the city of New Orleans, Merton Ainslie, after paying off the crew and giving to Louis Chandeleur his thousand dollars, found an important letter awaiting him from a New York lawyer.

Eagerly he broke the seal and read of the death of his uncle, and that he was his sole heir.

"Worth but thirty thousand dollars—subject to my draft in bank—I thought he was worth much more; but, what care I now?

"Had it been five times thirty, and I had not destroyed those papers, I might have resisted the temptation to—Bahl it is foolish for me to talk thus; ah! here is an affix to the letter—I read carelessly."

ssly.

After reading what had before escaped his eye, he

After reading what had before escaped his eye, he continued:

"This gives me twenty thousand more, if I desire to take that price, cash, for the mansion, and which cannot be worth much more.

"Yes, I'll write at once, taking the price offered, and now I will not have to touch the jewels for some time; let me see, I must keep my word to Lou, and shall buy a fine brig, give him a half-share in it, and make him captain—that will ease my conscience considerably, for I owe it to him, as I intend to give Fidéle up, now that Mildred Montetih is my game.

"She must only think I had a friendly, no, I'll call it a brotherly, regard for her, and my generosity to her brother will easily make her forget any affection she held for me, for I know she does love me just a little; she has said so.

A few moments more Metton Ainslie paced the deck of the yacht, and then, all dutis having been attended to, he landed and drove to the home of Mildred Monteith

As he rung at the massive portal for admission, he

As he rung at the massive portal for admission, he Great God! must I meet that woman with a lie my nps;
"Yes, the Rubicon is passed now; I cannot step

Yes, the Rubicon is passed now; I cannot step ckwards
'Now, Merton Ainslie, smother the pangs of conlence, and put on the mask you must henceforth
the arthrough life—the mask of a man of honor, to
the the heart and face of a criminal. Oh! what
ill not both man and woman do for love!"
The opening of the heavy portal made him start
ilitly; but, controlling his emotion, he stepped
thin the court, and the door closed behind him,
uttling him out forever from a life of true maniod. He had proven false, utterly false, to the trust aced in him by Merle.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 457.)

The Why and How of Exercise.

OBVIOUSLY that form of exercise which attacks Obviously that form of exercise which attacks the largest number of muscles is the most desirable. But, before proceeding to discuss the forms of exercise most profitable, a word should be said as to the effect of exercise. Most important are the effects upon the heart and lungs and their subsidiary agents. The system requires that a great deal of oxygen should be taken into the lungs and thus to the blood, in order first to burn up the carbon and supply heat, and to carry off the carbonic acid formed by this combustion. Free, full and conjour resheat, and to carry off the carbonic acid formed by this combustion. Free, full and copious respiration is needed, and exercise, by increasing the rapidity of the circulation increases proportionately the amount of air respired. Thus exercise serves to purify the blood of carbonic acid, as well as to supply the proper heat for the body. So long as the power of maintaining strong and rapid respiration continues, sufficient oxygen is drawn into the body, and sufficient carbonic acid is drawn out, but when this power fails the carbonic acid accumulates in the blood. carbonic acid is drawn out, but when this power fails the carbonic acid accumulates in the blood and produces breathlessness. This is brought about mechanically. The blood-vessels which convey the blood through the lungs are choked up, by having more blood forced into them than they can carry; the blood accumulates in the right side of the heart, and impure blood, laden with carbonic acid, is pumped back into the system. Still another danger arises from too violent exercise before the arteries from too violent exercise before the arteries learn to accommodate themselves to the increas-ed demand upon them, and that is dilatation of ed demand upon them, and that is dilatation of the cavities, which give way before the strain and induce chronic disease. Hence when per-sons of sedentary pursuits take sudden and vio-lent exercise, they endanger their health in a very serious degree. Those who begin to mend their lazy habits must do so slowly, gradually accustoming the arteries to do more work, and thus preventing heart disease. No man who has worked like a machine for years is in a condition to run any distance at full speed, and should not attempt it. His exercise should be confined not attempt it. His exercise should be confined to a brisk walk to begin with, and he should avoid anything like a serious condition of breathlessness. After the proper condition is arrived at, his digestive system will be enormously improved, and his whole body will begin to glow

with health and animation.

Exercise is instructive with children, and should be encouraged. Children, when they have reached the age of three years, should be allowed to play as much as they like, and the hoops and balls, for which they have an instinctive worthlitz. tive partiality, are better than any gymnastic course they can go through. The games which boys also take to are the most beneficial exercise that can be found for them. Swimming, for instance, judiciously allowed, exercises in a profitable degree all the muscles of the body, and like football, shinny, leaping, running, wrestling, boxing, and so forth, are better than anything of an artificial character. The gymnasium is all very well in its way, but the game is very

much better.

There is one subject which scientific gentlemen lay great stress upon, and that is the injury done to young lads by the athletic contests which have, during the past twenty years, found so much favor in the Engli h public schools. A table of growth based upon a careschools. A table of growth, based upon a careful observation of 3,695 boys of ages ranging from 13 to 17, shows that the development of the human male body is greatest between 15 and 17, reaching its maximum at about the 16th year. Thus the period of a boy's life between 16 and 17 becomes one of great consequence to year. Thus the period of a boy's life between 16 and 17 becomes one of great consequence to him, and if he be at such a season subjected to great strain—as he undoubtedly is, both intellectually and physically, where athletic contests are encouraged—his development must suffer, and either his future growth will be interfered with or the foundation will be laid of contributional disease.

stitutional disease. Circles up to eight or nine years are allowed to play the same games as their brothers, and generally beat them, but, after that time, preposterous notions of deportment begin to dwarf them. Corsets and tight shoes cripple their bodies, and exercise ceases. The muscles them. Corsets and tight shoes cripple their bodies, and exercise ceases. The muscles dwindle and waste, and the whole ghastly procession of feminine ills begin to appear. Of course it is not to be expected that they should play violent games, like football or cricket, but fives, rackets, base-ball—of the feminine order—lawn tennis, rowing, riding and swimming ought to be indulged in by girls as well as boys. Where these opportunities are denied them, they should be given the privilege of the gymnasium.



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Keyed Upon a Great Wrong!

which the Dead Shot, Gold Bullet Sport, is to singing, instrumental performances, do not surfeit him with it. Play, or sing, or dance your very best, but not always for him, nor even too there are woven through and through it all, often for him. Arouse in him not only a de-three exceedingly fine love romances, that so sire for your society, but a respect for your be down to twelve o'clock in the shade. Yeast pervade the action as to make warm friends of

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Sunshine Papers.

How to Keep Him.

II.
But how to keep him?—Ah! that is quite another question! But it can be done, my dear, unless you are really the most disagree. able person in the world-and was ever a woman that?

disappointed maiden.

The special attentions of gentlemen to adies often commence in the most trivial manner—a desire to pique some other lady, the necessity of doing a favor, idleness, a hundred varied and unimportant whims. One marriage of which I know, was the result of a lady's insulting indifference to a new sequentage. The gentleman was intronew acquaintance. The gentleman was intro-duced to her while she was engaged in grouping flowers for a fair, and, purchasing a bou-quet, upon the arrangement of which she par-ticularly felicitated herself, presented it to her. Probably their acquaintance would have ended then and there had he not discovered, that evening, that she had sold the bouquet, in utter forgetfulness that it had been a gift to her-self. Piqued by a feminine indifference to which he was unaccustomed, he could not forget the girl; and, a few months later, embraced an opportunity to meet her, again, under cirstances that rendered it necessary for him to act as her escort from a friend's home to her own. Her liveliness pleased him, but again he was chagrined by her unflattering regard of himself, and incited to further acquaintance. In trying to conquer the lady's indifference he came to love her passionately, court her assidu-ously, and, finally, to enter into a most happy and desirable marriage with her.

Scores, nay, hundreds of weddings have been the results of as unpropitiously commenced ac uaintances. So that while a gentleman's attentions to a lady do not necessarily, or even usually, at the first, augur marriage, it remains with the lady to deepen her beau's admiration or liking into friendship, and friendship into real love. But she cannot do this, note you, by acting from the beginning of their acquain ance either as if she cared greatly for him, or believed he cared much for her. As soon as his lordship discovers that you are anxious for his company, or regard him with attachment, while he will, doubtless, feel something flattered and elated, all the spice and delicious uncertainty will have vanished from his desire to cultivate your acquaintance, leaving him with a real indifference or contempt for you and an unwillingness to any closer intimacy. Men do not value that which

"Thus it is over all the earth!
That which we call the fairest,
And prize for its surpassing worth,
Is always rarest."

There is a fascination about uncertainty, and that which is hardly won, which precipitates men into the greatest zeal and ardor. While from the girl who is plainly anxious for a lov-er, they turn as contemptuously as from the over-ripe pear that drops into the hand the mo ment it is uplifted to the bough, in hope of grasping the golden beauty that swings tanta-

lizingly among the highest foliage.

Then, young ladies, see to it that whatthen, young ladies, see to it that whatever your feelings may be for the man who has commenced to pay attentions to you, you keep them well guarded from his critical and fastidious eyes. Treat him cordially; but no more cordially than if he was Thos. Jones, or John Brown. Thank him gracefully for any special favor or attention he shows you, but no more warmly than if you were accustomed to receiving the same kindness from half a dozen other gallant cavaliers. Ex tend him pleasant invitations to visit your home, but do not be over-solicitous; and express neither regret nor surprise when he does not come. If you have occasion to ask him to act as your escort to some place, do not state the case as if you were the one to be greatly obliged by his going, but as if it was showing him a very pleasant favor to ask him, and you were quite ready to provide yourself with another protector in case he preferred to be excused. If you find that he is extremely fond of some one of your accomplishments, dancing, own individual character and charms. Remember that while excessive prudery is disgusting on the one hand, too little formality is quite as much to be censured on the other. Never act toward a gentleman to whom you

are not betrothed as if you were jealous of him, or considered that you had especial claims upon his time and attentions, or were very desirous to have such. If he treats you cavalierly, however much his act may hurt you, do not parade your grief; but show good-humored in-difference, or pleasant retaliation. And, under no circumstances, allow a suitor to claim or assert the privileges of a lover, until he has thus declared himself, to the perfect understanding

of yourself and your parents. In brief-be as natural, as honest, as charming, as sensible, as entertaining as possible, toward any gentleman for whose friendship you really care. But, keep always in mind that girls who openly express or evince a desire for beaux, and to get married, are the ones whom men ridicule and whose intimate

Men often affect to love, but seldom truly do, the very bosom of the giant hills repose the almost numberless lakes of wondrous names which are, in summer, the sportsman's and "pilgrim's" other ends for which masculinity strives—the Arcadia. To this remote and almost unbroken more unattainable its object appears the more infatuated will the lover be to win and make it his own!

A Parson's Daughter.

"SERVANTS."

Tuz other day I came across a picture in an English publication, representing a very elegant woman, who was in the act of having her hair dressed by a very pretty, but care-wornlooking maid, while a child is seated upon an ottoman fondling a dog. By some lines under-neath the picture, it seems that the little miss is asking her mother if she doesn't think "Fido" had better be vaccinated. The mother exclaims, What nonsense! They only vaccinate human beings." To which the child adds: "Why! Madame F. has had all her servants vaccinated!" I cannot censure the child—that is the mother's place—because the girl is only As soon as you have caught (I detest that word, but it is so applicable to the way a great many girls get the dear, desired creature) a beau, do not flatter yourself that, because the young man walks home with you from church, treated so unlike human beings that she has and drops in to see you quite regularly Wednesday evenings, he is incurably in love with that her Fido, indeed, is superior to the maid. you, and already is meditating the most grace-ful manner and enticing words wherewith to recital of a housekeeper's troubles with her sermake known his desire to have you for a wife. vants—and I don't doubt but servants are Bless you, men are not quite such idiots as young women like to believe them! The cases are very rare where they actually love a woman "at first sight," or even second sight! work should be done? It seems to me it would And if you make the mistake of thinking a gentleman extremely in love with you, when he first commences to pay you little attentions, and that your aim in life—to secure a husband ances and troubles concerning the shortcom—you-all storms prevailing. Cautionary signals nearer.

ings of servants? Wouldn't the time be better will be displayed during these days in all the employed to help, encourage and instruct those who try to do your work in your ways?—in

fact, to treat them like human beings? I know several families who have had ser- catch breath. vants in their employ for fifteen or twenty years and it is because they are, and have been, well treated. "Those servants must have been exceptionally good from the start." No, they were not; they were quite verdant, but they strove hard to work well, they were not scolded, pecked at and found fault with when their work did not satisfy; they were encouraged and instructed to do better. When their work was worthy of commendation they received their share of praise.

Some stupid, mean-minded people imagine that it spoils servants to praise them—makes them vain. To withhold that praise is worse, for it will make them less anxious to please, and to scold them all the time is to dispirit I never found one individual yet who

enjoyed a good scolding. Did you?

But, some people love to scold; they take a real and decided pleasure in it; it comes like a second nature to them. Some school-teachers fall into this error, and that is why children hate them, and dread school-hours. Were teachers to strive to interest their pupils in them and in their studies, instead of 21st to 25th. Wind gives a free blow every colding knowledge into dull brains, it would 'pay." If children were treated like human eings then they wouldn't be hectored and rail-

ed at like dogs. Governesses are poorly paid, compelled to work hard, and the little they earn is grudgingly doled out to them as though it were a charity alms-giving and not what one has labored for. If children don't or won't learn, the "governess is unfit for her situation"—it is all her fault, and she is taken to task for what is not her shortcoming; she is treated unfeelingly-harshly, where sympathy and pity ought to be hers. Such usage of an intelligent,

refined woman is simply brutal—inhuman.

Let us put ourselves in the places of those whose labor we seek and see if we would desire to be treated either as inferiors, or dependents, or fools, or rogues. —for it is few servants indeed who are not, at times, relegated to one of these conditions. We are all, in a measure, a "servant" to some one. We are all dependent upon some one higher in station than ourselves for our support. not good, nor wise, nor sensible, nor safe of us it climbs up big trees and breaks whole limbs to have too high an opinion of our exalted selves; off. Wind is somebody might place a mirror before us that would reflect what we really are!

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Meteorology of March.

It does not strain my modesty very much to announce that Old Probabilities will soon have to resign in favor of Old Possibilities, which is my given name at present, because I am as weather-wise as a weather-vain itself. I can predict the weather a long ways ahead, and have achieved signal success without the aid of the signal service, or the Freedmen's Bureau.

As soon as an appropriation is made by the present Congress I intend to go to Washington, the City of Magnificent Appropriations, and take my prophetic stand on top of the White House and arrange the weather daily for all parts of the United States.

My weather bulletin for March is just out

MARCH BULLETIN FOR THE U. S. 1st. Sun rises too early for most people. This day March will have a bad, strong breath, and she will be blowing around considerably. Wind ground to exceeding sharpness, with two edges, and going faster than if it was shot out of a shot-gun. Plenty of signs of no rain. rising gradually. Bar-ometer up to three-fingers, with a little sugar. Moon won't rise, because the night will be too dark and the gas

2d. Wind up 15 degrees and hourly rising, taking a few bald-headed hats with it.
Direction of wind, from both points of the compasses (better to break off points of compas-Barometer up to zwei glass. Velocity of wind, so fast you can't see it. Heaviest fall of snow of the season—off a roof in Broadway, so the fellows who will be dug out will observe. Very cloudy around the North Pole. Thermometer leaking. Hope for better weather in the temperate circle, and also in the family circle.

8d. Zephyrs, breezes, winds, gales and tornadoes all mixed up in a lump and on the go as if they had got frightened at something. Speed: six chimneys a minute. Wind so strong the earth is blown around twice as fast as usual; day, as a consequence, only 12 hours long. Thermometer down—blown off the wall. Clouds all blown to pieces. Several humble husbands blown up. People's words carried unbroken over into neighboring towns, so be careful how you and your wife jaw each other. Barometer

4th. Weather exceedingly active. Wind will start off without waiting for breakfast. An unsuccessful air-brake will be tried on the wind by a celebrated inventor. You will imagine that there soon will be no more wind in the month. Heavy fall of icicles along the streets. Thermometer takes its first degree above zero.

5th. Some more wind. The South donating the same or sending it back. Thermometer up to par. Warmer. General direction of wind will be down the chimneys. Clear,

toes. Congressman from Julip will introduce a bill to destroy every windmill and bellows in the land. Terrific occasional squalls-in the 6th. The atmosphere will be on a lively tramp, going arm in arm with a heavy rain, which will stumble and fall right along, at the rate of sixty miles an hour and no stations.

Wind will be six inches to the foot-your foot.

The day will be thirty hours long because of

with rain. Hail, Columbia, as large as pota-

7th. This day will begin at 12 A. M., and be 24 hours long, and 93,000,000 miles deep. Look out of doors for wind. Good time to store wind away for summer use. If you have any difficulty with your wife, just keep quiet, and will be likely to blow over. Thermometer stationary, but mercury going up.

8th. No use of people getting out of breath to-day, since so much of it will be around loose. Weather will be as fine as a day in January. Frosty—especially in toes.
9th. Wind going nowhere as fast as it can,

and asking no questions, and likely to blow out the light of the sun. Heavy showers of cats

harbors of the Eric canal.

13th and 14th. Windless as a tenant's well. It has to stop during these days to rest and catch breath. Thermometer forty degrees north latitude. Very calm in many houses. Handkerchief signals will be displayed on the streets. Look out of the window for rain at

night. 15th. Winds very high-2 dollars a barrel. Thermometers low; to 6 1-4 cents apiece. Look in for bad colds. Rheumatism blowing down street, dodge around the corner. Expect your country relations this day. Frosted cake and

16th. Wind, calm, rain, drouth, heat and cold all at once—a terrible mixture. Look out for pneumonia and ammonia. Thermometer goes down and up so fast that you can't see it at all.

17th to 20th. Sleet, with wind in it. Streets will be so sleek that the wind slips along at 100 miles an hour with greatest ease. Slope, slip, slop, kerslap! Humanity on a common level Many a slip between the foot and the hip. Feet up, heads down. Debtors slip off. Every two men on street a pair of slippers. Shivery

day alike. Clear but cloudy. Get into a comatose state and look out for comets. Eclipse of sun delayed on account of the weather. ter skips and skylarks about Venus and gets a black eye. The moon will be the evening star, by special arrangement with the manager—the man in it. Thermometers climbing up the spout. Sunshine of a bad quality. Threats of cutting off the sun entirely and giving the lighting contract to Edison.

26th. A windsome day. People begin to

think that March is the worst windter month. Muffle up your ague warmly and hang it by the stove. Water-pipes begin to thaw out some. Nerves in teeth begin to thaw out, too, and get lively. Rain, accompanied by clouds. 27th. Great activity in oxygen outdoors. Gale breaks loose. Momentum very momentous. Pressure, ten pounds to the square foot, fifty pounds to the square head. Frequent showers of old boots and cans from adjacent towns. Rain sliding down on the wind.

mometer stationary, if nailed to the wall. 28th. The wind bloweth where it listeneth; off. Wind is a regular blow-hard, with signs

29th and 30th. Wind up four miles high and still a-rising. Weather all blows out of these

31st. This day will be blown entirely out of the month of March. March off! OLD POSSIBILITIES,

(Washington Whitehorn.)

Topics of the Time.

-An examination of 8,000 school children in Boston reveals the fact that while eight per cent of the boys are color blind, only one per cent. of the girls are thus afflicted. Anybody who has ever beard an average woman describe a neigh-bor's new spring bonnet knows well enough that color blindness is not one of the peculiarities of the gentle sex.

—A scientific excursion is being fitted out at Yankton by Dr. W. A. Burleigh for a trip of exploration to the head-waters of the Yellow-stone and Big Horn rivers. The proposed excursion is gotten up at the instigation of a number of scientific gentlemen, and will be of about one hundred days' duration, leaving about the fifteenth day of May. The excursionists will visit the Great Falls of the Missouri, the great Judith basin, the Custer battle-field and the National Park, traveling a distance of about four thousand miles.

of a shot-gun. Plenty of signs of no rain.

Storm signals (a mop) will be displayed in a good many home harbors. Thermometer will be down to twelve o'clock in the shade. Yeast of any kind, nourishes through its parching droughts, springs back with a triumphant recover after all its branches have been held streaming steadily eastward all day long and every day before the stiff zephyrs from the sea, and shakes from its sharp lanceolate leaves the gray alkaline dust which collects in an unsightly coating away all other vegetation. It is the gumpter over all other vegetation. It is the gum-tree which is crowned with this cluster of rare virtues even when beset with the most trying occidental conditions. Not the particular gum-tree celebrated in song as the haunt of the disingenuous opossum, but another eucalyptus recently domesticated. And now the young city proposes to plant and decorate herself with living

> —The wild sage of the plains is a species of artemisia. It abounds in every part of Nevada, and is so intensely bitter during summer (the time when the young shoots are growing) that no animal will eat it, but directly the frost has touched it, this very bitterness gets changed to sweetness. It becomes most agreeable and fat-tening to animals that herd, has the peculiar property of rendering their meat tender, and of making their coat thick; it causes a sort of glossy fur, which, to use the words of a foreign correspondent, "defies the frost of winter." Such being the case, some of the California farmers have introduced pure Cashmere goats, and herd them on the mountains. One gratianan has a them on the mountains. One gentleman has a flock of three thousand goats, and they are in first rate condition, their fleece being unusually silky and fine.

—A PRETTY story is told in the local columns of *The Springfield Republican* of two children who went to church together. They took a seat near the front, and, after the minister had got near the front, and, after the minister had got well into his sermon, the smaller child whisper-ed to his sister that he would like to go home. Those who sat behind them heard the little girl tell him that he must not go without asking the minister's permission; so hand in hand they left their seats and standing before the clergyman the little child lisped out his petition. The minister was naturally surprised, but without interrupting his discourse before the clergyman the little child lisped out his petition. The minister was naturally surprised, but without interrupting his discourse nodded assent. That did not satisfy the children, and again the boy asked permission to go and was answered by another nod. Then the little girl, fearing the minister had not understood her brother, said, "Please, sir, may brother and I go home?" The minister stopped and verbally granted the request, and with a sweet "Thank you, sir," and a courtesy the children went down the aise together. the bad roads which Time will have to travel

—A writer in the Troy Press says: "To make a good silver miner a man needs a strong back, an immense amount of hopefulness, and if he has an income of a thousand or two a year, he will find it very useful to lubricate the wheels of the enterprise until he can get down to where the 'ledge comes in rich.' It would be difficult to estimate how many fortunes have been spent and how much sweat and toil have been expended in the mountains of Nevada, whose only representative is an insignificant hole in the ground and a heap of debris on the mountain side. Near the towns the mountain sides are scored with such excavations. The seductive part of silver mining is that the deeper one goes the more likely he is to make a strike. Hence, though months of labor have been unrewarded, the incentive to labor on grows stronger each -A writer in the Troy Press says: "To make the light of the sun. Heavy showers of cats and dogs from adjacent towns.

10th, 11th and 12th. Refreshing breezes which blow everybody good. Equal-knocks-wou-all storms prevailing. Cantionary signals

Readers and Contributors

Accepted: "Home;" "Unscaled;" "Invocation;" A Lone Sallor;" "Willow's on the Way;" "If earts Were True;" "A Late Subject;" "Our Lit-e Difference;" "A Great Mistake;" "Pretty Miss

Declined: "The Home Club Guest;" "Make and ake;" "Priscilla's Mine;" "Why She Didn't Go to be Party;" "When Shall We Meet?" "Give an och and Take an Ell;" "Only an Editor;" "Cupid ac Cheat;" "Hares and Hounds;" "A Bracelet's ale;" "Make Sure Doubly Sure;" "Go Ahead!"

C. C. A very fair box of water colors can be had or one dollar.

O. P. K. New York harbor is one of the best in the world; so is that of San Francisco. Jingo. Great Britain was not "fairly whipped y us in the war of 1812-14." Both parties cried

J. H. M. It is unnatural to be at war with a near elative. Anything for peace. Try honey and miles instead of wormwood and rue. It will pay. H. D. G. The story named was never published in his paper.—"Overland Kit," first published in the pring of 1875, was not a "reprint." All the stories of the "Overland Kit" series were written expressly

CASABIANCA. The Gulf Stream is an ocean cur-rent of warm water, that is all. It is not a Gulf Stream at all, in reality, but is composed of the warm water of the tropics at the equator making its way along the coast back to be equalized in tem-perature at the north.

c. M. J. Send correct address, in all cases, to insure safe delivery. Great numbers of small packages are sent by mail. If the goods advertised are as represented, the price is moderate. The fact of a large sale and such extensive use is pretty good assurance of the usefulness of the article. Alexandre's gloves are now solid at \$1.80; Burt's kid boots, at \$6.50.

On Jon. We do not think the Zulus are a north-ern or Arab race. All accounts agree, we think, in pronouncing them to be pure Ethiopians. Their knowledge of the use of arms has been by contact with Europeans in South Africa. The English of course will conquer them and "annex" their coun-try to the Cape Colonies.

Ty to the Cape Colonies.

Young Machinist (Paterson.) American locomotives are the best in the world, both for speed and power. This is now confessed in Europe. An English or French engine, stiff and unyielding would be unfit for our sharp curves and pliable road-beds. Russia is now making locomotives and most other steam machinery she uses, but all the Czar's best engines are American.

M. L. W. writes: "I see so many useful recipes given in the Journal, I have ventured to trouble you on my own behalf. Can you tell me of something that will relieve asthma?" Soak white blotting-paper in a strong solution of saltpeter, and after entirely saturating it, dry it again, thoroughly; just previous to retiring for the night, cut off a piece five inches square, lay it upon a plate, and burn it in your bedroom.

KATE AND IRIS. Not to keep an engagement is a discourtesy, unless the excuse is valid and an explanation is offered at once. It was a discourtesy in the rother to refuse, if, at his sister's suggestion, you solicited his attention. The sister, however, should resent it for you.—If you go together to the ball or club either should feel hurt if a gentleman selects one or special attention. Such jealousy would much offend the gentleman.

A. H. D., (Faneuil Hall, Boston.) We cannot tell you where to find the poem, nor who wrote it. But we will give the lines you q. ote:

And all that is left of the bright, bright dream, With its thousand brilliant phases, Is a handful of dust, 'neath a coffin-lid, And a coffin hid under the daisles—"

and if any of our readers can tell whose they are and where they may be found, we hope they will do so

and where they may be found, we hope they will do so.

F. R. B. In stock operations, the buyer is expected, in authorizing a purchase, to deposit with his broker 5 per ceut, on the par value of the order given. This stock is then held as its own collateral. If stock recedes much from purchased cost, the buyer is called upon for more "margin." Interest is charged by the broker on par value of the stock so long as he holds it; and, as broker charges a commission, both for buying and selling, and interest on stock carried, he makes a sure good thing out of every customer, who, in the end, is quite sure to be the loser.

he foser.

JESSIE ST. CLAIR. You are learning the lesson that littation and coquetry does not pay. You may be ure that you will lose your lover if you continue to se so capricious, and to torment him with your attentions to other gentlemen. Your conduct has been mprudent, and you should not complain of his cold-tess nor your own unhappiness, since it is your own ault that you are alienating your lover's affections. Se true to him henceforth, treat him lovingly and enerously, and you will be happy again.—The favorte pillow-shams are of linen, hem stitched with road hem, and a monogram or single initial surrounded by a half-wreath embroidered in the center.

ALICE A. F. (Nantucket.) The style of expansing

ALICE A. F., (Nantucket.) The style of arranging he hair to which you refer is done entirely with sandoline. In fact, all of the waves, scallops, curls, etc., with which ladies now adorn their foreheads are tept in place with bandoline. The cost varies with he brand. American makes are sold as low as the brand. American makes are sold as low as velve cents a bottle; imported bandoline costs from venty-five to fifty cents a bottle. See answer to cenie Johnson.—It is perfectly proper for ladies and gentlemen to shake hands at meeting and partage.—English gains ground as the "traveler's lange.—English gains ground as the "traveler's lange.—It is now spoken in nearly every country, rench is not so greatly used outside of France, even the European countries, as you suppose.

Stresson. Missouri was once "under the flow of

Tom M. D. You have no right to ask a lady to ac

monial, is secondrelly behavior.

H. S. W. says: "Will you please tell me how to make linen glossy? I try, in vain, to get a nice polish upon cuffs and collars." Make very thick boiled starch, and while it is boiling add one to two table-spoonfuls of gum-arabic water, and stir well with a sperm or wax candle. Dip your cuffs and collars in this, after they have been through the wringer, seeing to it that the right sides are folded together and only the wrong comes in contact with the starch. Ruo the starch well in, and hang out to dry. A half-hour before ironing, fold the right sides together and dip in thin, cold, unboiled starch. Spread separately upon towels, and roll up tightly. Use a thin, clean piece of cloth over each article during the first few times you pass the hotiron over it; then remove and iron until perfectly dry, smooth, and polished. Blisters should be wiped with a damp bit of muslin and ironed over again. Your irons must be perfectly polished upon table-salt, or with beeswax. Keep a bottle of gum-arabic water always strained and corked for use.

JENNIE L. ROBINSON asks: "Is it true that a string of the strain of the strain of the strain that a string of the strain of the strain training the strained and corked for use.

bottle of gum-arabic water always strained and corked for use.

Jennie L. Robinson asks: "Is it true that a string of amber beads worn around the throat will prevent hay-fever and cure throat troubles? Is amber ever used in Jewelry? What are the warmest gloves for winter wear? Do you think that a gentleman should always watt for a lady to recognize him first, especially when they know each other very well?" We do not have much faith in the idea now so popular that amber beads are a sort of "cure-all" for every kind of lung and brouchial trouble. It is something like the "blue glass" mania. But there may be some medicinal quality in amber, as it is peculiarly electrical. When handling it, the workmen are obliged to frequently change the pieces, while the electricity passes off. The Arabs call it "catch-choff" on account of these qualities; and the ancients invested it with a soul and regarded it with great superstition. It is a fossilized vegetable gum, which exuded from forests of past epochs; but so capable is it of a high polish and delicate workmanship, that it is largely used for articles of jewelry.—Castor beaver and dog-skin, or fleecy-lined kids. Mittens are now very fashionable. They are knitted in all colors and in beautiful patterns, and are worn over the daintiest kid gloves.—Except in the case of extremely intimate friends a gentleman should always await a lady's recognition before bowing to her, unless the meeting take place at a social gathering, where any gentleman is privileged to seek his friends and converse with them.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

A LOVE IDYL. BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but, when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life."—Solomon.

PROLOGUE.

Oh, love unrequited! it biteth like an adder; All hopes lie buried in their graves; The music of the pulses of the heart is sadder Than the music of the sad sea waves.

When love once won seems slowly to languish Every sweetness of life is gone; And the pain attending death is less than the anguish anguish From the love that is lost when won.

THEME.

PŒNA-DELICIÆ. He thought that he had lost his love,
And, losing her, that he had lost
The daily glory spread above
The beauty of the mighty host,
The music of the winds and birds,
The bloom and fragrance of the flowers;
Oh! ne'er can be expressed in words
His misery all the weary hours.

At length a tiny letter came,
Love-filled, as gobiet to the brim;
And, as he read his darling's name
The world again was bright to him;
Outshone upon his heart the sun,
The clouds their gloomy pinious furled;
For thus she said: "My dearest one,
I love you best in all the world."

She called him—other names above—
Such names as love alone bestows:
"My darling," and "My only love,"
And sweeter titles—neath the rose.
And—Heaven blessings on her send!
How tenderly her pure heart shone!—
She signed her letter, at the end,
"Your faithful, true and loving one."

The dainty beauty shines the spring,
His heart its gladness feels again;
The birds a joyous carol sing,
With winds and waters in refrain.
The flowers have rarer, sweeter bloom,
And all is fair below, above;
And light and beauty and perfume
Blend with his happy dreams of love.

EPILOGUE. DELICIÆ.

Glowing cheeks and dainty lips,
How his heart grows stronger,
As her rosy finger-tips
Rest upon his shoulder!
While, through golden hair that is
Of the sunset's splendor,
Sweet blue eyes send into his
Glances soft and tender.

Flushing cheeks and loving eyes
Give a cordial greeting,
While their hearts, in glad surprise,
On their lips are meeting.
Tell me not of glory bright,
Or of golden treasure;
Love alone has full delight,
Rapture beyond measure.

Little Queen Bess.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

IT wasn't much wonder that Bessie Kennedy felt her heart thumping away like an animated trip-hammer, as she stood in Judge Thurston's office, shyly and timidly bearing the burden of the keen, piercing glances that gentleman bestowed upon her.

Nor was it any wonder at all that Judge Thurston bestowed such keen piercing classes.

Nor was it any wonder at all that Judge Thurston bestowed such keen, piercing glances upon her, for a prettier, more charming piece of girlish womanliness had not come under the Judge's supervision for many a long day, and he was a connoisseur in feminine beauty and an ardently devoted admirer of women—especially when they came unto his standard.

ardently devoted admirer of women—especially when they came up to his standard.

And this timid, graceful little lady came exactly up to his standard, with her brown eyes the color of polished gold bronze, and the shiny hair satiny and tinted to the hue of a ripe chestnut, with the varying, sensitive color coming and going in her cheeks like pink shadows on delicate snow-drifts, with her sweet, womanly mouth and chin, the one red as strawberries, and proud-cut and firm; the other dimpled and round.

round.
She had been sitting in the outer receptionroom nearly an hour, awaiting her turn for an interview with the august gentleman of the Bar, and had at last been ushered into the holy of holies, to find it a large, elegantly-furnished room, with velvet carpeting and flaming damask curtains, amber-velvet upholstery, pictures and statuettes, books and flowers in profusion. And to find Judge Thurston a tall, commanding, handsome elderly gentleman, with heavy gray beard and hair, and stern, piercing, yet kindly eyes that looked intently at her, and then softened, as he addressed her. ur, awaiting her turn for an

rened, as he addressed her:

"I think you are the young lady I was expecting. Glad to see you. What is it I can do for you? Take a chair, please."

Bessie took the chair he wheeled toward her, her poor little heart thumping fiercely, and she hating herself so, because she was so silly, and making desperate efforts to receive here. making desperate efforts to recover her usual ease and independence. I was to call, sir, this morning to learn what

my prospects are."

Judge Thurston settled comfortably back in his revolving arm-chair, balanced a pen between his fingers, and proceeded to the business on hand.

hand.
"Exactly. First, if you please, your name."
"I am Bessie Kennedy."
"And age? Pardon me, but you seem so young to undertake the responsibilities of the

position I have to offer you."

She looked earnestly at him, her lovely dark eyes so wistful and imploring.
"I am nearly eighteen—very nearly eighteen, and I am not at all delicate or weak—if you mean you think I could not undertake the position on that account."

tion on that account. A little amused smile crept under the gentle

"I must confess I fear you are ignorant of the duties of the position, Miss Kennedy. In the first place, the children, although there are not very many of them, are quite unruly, and require a strong, discreet hand to manage them."

him, eagerly.
"I do so love children, sir! And—children nearly always mind me."

"And love you—naturally," he continued, with a gallantry that brought the sensitive rosy

consider that difficulty overcome then, Miss Kennedy. Next, you are competent to take entire charge of everything? Of course, with assistants under your exclusive direction?" Bessie felt just a little bewildered, for she had

no idea the much coveted school in Brierwood, for which she was applying, was of such high grade as to require more than one teacher. But she knew of no reason why she was not compe-tent to fill the place of head teacher, and so there was a sparkle of resolve and consciousness in her I think I can suit, sir. At any rate, I will

do my very best. "None of us can ask more or do more, than one's best, Miss Kennedy. Now about the—the—salary. It is fair—fifty dollars a month, and of course board included and."

of course, board included, and—"
"Oh, then I am not to live at home?" In turn, Judge Thurston looked inquiringly. "At home? Pardon me, but I cannot understand how that would be possible, Miss Kennedy. Your duties as my housekeeper, would certainly not power.

seen such a sweet, startled face before, as he an-

swered, smilingly, but rather astonishedly because of Bessie's astonishment:
"My housekeeper, Miss Kennedy, certainly, cause of Bessie's astonishment:

"My housekeeper, Miss Kennedy, certainly, and although I will admit I had expected a much older—different lady to overlook my house and children, I must say I have changed my mind since I have seen the candidate my friend Mrs. Maryl selected and sent me."

Bessie's face flushed still more rosily, and there were quite decided suspicions of angry mortified tears gathering in the bonny brown eyes.

"But there is a stupid mistake somewhere, Judge Thurston! Mrs. Maryl did not send me here—I never heard of such a person. I came to apply for the vacancy in the Hill Dell school!"

An expression, which for utter blankness, had never before in his judicial career been seen on Judge Thurston's face, took sudden possession of it, while Bessie stood irresolutely by the chair she had vacated, uncertain whether her best course were to run, or laugh, or cry, or

rave.

Until the gentleman came to the rescue, his blue eyes overflowing with amusement.

"As you say, there has been a clunder, for which please pardon me. Now, Miss Kennedy, suppose we begin over again?"

So they began over again, and in less than fifteen minutes Judge Thurston had written with his own august hand a letter of such commendatory character concerning. Ressie to the

mendatory character, concerning Bessie, to the Board of Examining Trustees, that the matter was virtually settled in Bessie's favor, and she was virtually settled in Bessie's favor, and she was taking her leave, her sweet face all aflush with the delight and excitement of the whole affair, and her eyes shining like brown diamonds, when the next aspirant for the honor of a private interview with the judge was announced—a tall, stout, sensible, plain-looking woman, as much like dainty Bess as a lily of the valley is like a flaming hollyhock—who stated her business very promptly and plainly.

"I'm from Mrs. Maryl, your honor, and would like the place in your family she mentioned you want filled."

The judge waved her to a seat, and as he bowed his adieu to Bessie, their eyes met in a swift, amused glance, and Bessie went away with a flush on her cheeks, and her heart thrilling—with delight, of course, that she had secured her situation.

"Diphtheria, without a doubt, and the judge is terribly distressed for the child's safety—and no wonder, for not a soul in that big house will go near the sick-room—great, hulking cowards, and a motherless child suffering perhaps unto death."

death."
Old Dr. Dayton picked up the reins angrily from off his steady old mare's back, where he had laid them when Bessie Kennedy stopped him, on her way from school, to make her daily inquiry

her way from school, to make her daily inquiry after her pet pupil—bright, busy, loving little Maude Thurston.

"Diphtheria! Oh, Dr. Dayton! And those three helpless little children to catch it in turn—and—did you say no one of the servants—or anybody would go near poor little Maude?"

The rich color was deepening on her cheeks, and her brown eyes, like glittering stars, were glowing with mingled pity and indignation.

"People are in an imbecile state of panic about diphtheria. Of course it's bad, bad enough, God knows; but what if it is, when a little mother-less child lies tossing and raving in fever, all by herself, except when the judge can get away from his office, to her? He nurses her through the nighttime, but what's a man in a sick-room?"

Bessie probably did not hear the question, for she stood prodding among the dead leaves with her umbrella point. Then, she looked up suddenly and resolutely.

"Dr. Dayton, please tell Judge Thurston I'll come and nurse Maude. I'm not in the least afraid of diphtheria. I'll get my sister to take the school for awhile. Poor little Maude!"

Dr. Dayton drove away, his little shrewd gray eyes twinkling, to tell Judge Thurston what Bessie had said.
"I tell you, there's the right sort of stuff in

"I tell you, there's the right sort of stuff in little Miss Kennedy, judge! What a wife, what a mother she'll be to somebody, one of these

And in those terrible days that followed, when And in those terrible days that followed, when it seemed as if Bessie fought for his darling's life, inch by inch, when her patience knew no faltering, her devotion no wearying, Judge Thurston shared Dr. Dayton's enthusiasm with

But, the dread disease at last took its leave; Dr. Dayton paid his last visit to the little convalescent, and Bessie and Maud; were sitting together for the last evening, for Bessie was to return to her duties on the following Monday, and she had laughingly declared she must devote the intervening days to a thorough disufecting process, for the benefit of her scholars. "But, I don't ever know what I shall do without you, Miss Kennedy," Maude wailed, piteously. "Nobody ever was so kind to me since many reaper but he's only a man." ogether for the last evening, for Bessie was to mamma died—only papa—but he's only a man."

Bessie smoothed the long, bright curls she had

saved from the cruel scissors when the child's fever raged so hotly. "Oh, I'll see you at school every day, dear, when you get just a little stronger. And shall ask your papa to let you come see me on Saturday—you and Aileen and Rosa? And we'll have—let's see—we'll have taffy pulls, and doll's parties, and, perhaps, a cooking club. Altogether, we'll get along quite comfortably."

The child's blue eyes brightened a moment, then the ald misery come back.

then the old misery came back.

"If it wasn't for that cross old Miss Green—
h. Miss Kennedy, if papa knew how all of us
children hated the housekeeper I'm sure he'd

children hated the housekeeper I'm sure he'd send her away. Oh, Miss Kennedy! Oh dear Miss Bessie, wouldn't it be splendid, splendid if you could be our housekeeper, and always, ways stay!"
And Judge Thurston, in his office adjoining

itting smoking in the early winter dusk, saw he warm color flame all over Bessie's cheek at he child's artless question. An hour later, Bessie went into the conserva-

o gather her farewell bouquet, and found Thurston deliberately waiting for her.
you have decided this to be your last

He had fallen into addressing her by her ini-"My last night—only think of my poor neg-

He was walking beside her now, between the

fragrant orange trees.

"And also only think how forlora we will be without you! How can I thank you for your sweet charity, your noble devotion in our time

Bessie picked a faded leaf off a spray of roses he had gathered, her face looking very sweet

she had gathered, her face looking very sweet and serious, and pure as a child's.

"I don't want any pay, Judge Thurston. I came because it was my duty to come—and before I go away, I would just like to speak to you on one subject, if you will pardon me. It is something Maude has complained to me about."

He smiled beneath his thick gray mustache, and such an amused, tender light came into his eves as he listened.

'It is about Miss Green-she hardly treats the children as they deserve, and as you may think she does. And I can't endure that they should be unhappy through her."
She looked wistfully up in his face. He was

watching her eagerly 'It is somewhat strange that you should have mentioned this, because it was on the same subject that I wanted to speak to you. I have discharged Miss Green—because I have made up my mind that I shall marry again, and I wish my wife to be at the head of the house."

Well, and what if he did propose marrying again? Was that anything, pro or con, to her? Only, what a foolish pang of sick pain she some-

Bessie jumped to her feet, her face paling and ushing vividly.

"Your housekeeper!"

And Judge Thurston thought he never had "ion much for my wife—my precious, darling little

It may be in thy home beside the river, Where life is love and love is true, That I will fade from out thy memory, A face that once you knew.

Bright hope doth fade—so far is heaven, The dead on earth so dear above; What am I but a wreck, a ruin, That I should hold thy love?

Still by the sweet past—dead, but holy, When I am in thy memory but a blot, Fair woman, seraph formed and molded, Oh! by the past, forget me not!

El Capitan:

The Queen of the Lakes. A Romance of the Mexican Valley.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SWEET RESPONSE A SWEET RESPONSE.

In all the record of a somewhat eventful life, I cannot remember having passed a more miserable night than this in the Laguna de Chalco. I had been lost upon the prairies of the North, half famished with hunger and almost dying of thirst; in imminent danger of having my scalp "raised" by red-skins; had lain all might upon the battle-field, with scarce a drop of blood in my body, but a wound which had depleted me. I believed to be mortal; had twice suffered shipwreck, to escape upon a raft. But to all these incidents I can look back lightly, cheerfully, compared with my rememtwice suffered shipwreck, to escape upon a raft. But to all these incidents I can look back lightly, cheerfully, compared with my remembrance of that night of misery spent in the middle of a swamp; for a most wretched one it was. True, I had a companion to share it with me, if that were any consolation; but, although imperiled as myself, I do not believe he more than half comprehended the danger. The lieutenant of dragoons was a good, jovial fellow, but not overburdened with brains, and I could not convince him how critical our situation was. To make him acquainted with the nature of the quagmire around us—what I had read and been told about it—would have been a difficult task, if not impossible. He had laughed at the canoemant account of it, treating the whole thing as a joke; or, at all events, an exaggeration, due to the young fellow's fears. I knew it was not, knew it but too well; and, so enlightened, felt correspondingly sad. Not strange, with such a prospect before us—a fate possibly the same as befell the fisherman. In the midst of a dismal marsh, imprisoned as securely as within the walls of a dungeon, to pass days and nights in wearisome existence; tortured by hunger—thirst we need not fear—and then, last and worst horror of all, the zopilotés (black vultures), seen soaring above, on shadowy wings, with necks outstretched and blood-stained beaks, threatening to swoop down upon us—we too weak to fight them off!

threatening to swoop down upon us—we too weak to fight them off!

Such was the picture all that night passing before my mental vision—not in dreams, for I slept not, but in fancy, too likely to become

There was something besides; another bane There was something besides; another baneful thought to harass, making my cup of misery brimful. For, despite my own immediate danger, I could not help dwelling on that which might at the same moment be besetting the Indian girl; regretting that I had parted from her at all—that I had not stayed and taken our chances with the men in the boats, whoever they might be.

they might be.
"Would that we were back there now!" was a wish that more than once I gave express to, my comrade as oft responding to it. What a pity we did not wait their coming up, and try the effect of our six-shooters on them! The sequence could not have been more serio

clinging to spar or royal mast still above the waves, watches for the morning's light, so watched we. To see it come at last, but along with it no sight, sound, or sight to give us hope of deliverance. Instead, something to make us more despairing. All night we had heard the cry of the quay-bird—bittern of the western world—whose shrill, lugubrious note seemed the foreteller of death. Now in the morning, with the sunrise that should have been cheerful, our cases were soluted by sounds procleaning don't ears were saluted by sounds proclaiming death near at hand—the hoarse croak of the turkey vulture, and the shriller squeal of the harpy Birds of both these species had sighted h a seeming knowledge we must soon be

Again we stood upright, and gazed over the cinta, on all sides, round and round. If weird and woe-inspiring under the moon's light, it seemed not a whit more cheerful with the sun shining upon it. Indeed less; for now we saw more distinctly the vast wilderness of green stretching afar, till it met the bases of the brown agged mountains, and could better compresend the hopelessness of our situation. The earest dry land was miles distant, though had

t been but a furlong, the impossibility of reach-ng it would have been the same. We had nevertheless a return of hope, which ame with the daylight, as such ever does, even to those lying on a death-bed. And while it continued we were neither silent nor inactive; nstead, shouting loudly, and at intervals firing thots from our pistols—signals of distress. There was some chance they might be heard, but not much of their being understood. More likely would they be mistaken for a fusillade of fowlers' guns, making havoc among the anatidae of the lake. However, we kept up the shooting until our last cartridge was spent, and the shouting till we were hoarse. Neither brought response.

As a dernier ressort we rigged up a pole, which chanced to be in the canoe, with our handkerchiefs on its top, extended upon a crosspiece we had attached to it. This done, we desisted from all further action—less to await the result for we carried to the superior to the control of the superior to the superi result, for we scarce looked for any, than be cause we could do no more.

In all this the Indian gave us not the slightest assistance, nor seemed to take any interest in our efforts. Possibly he supposed them to be dile, and with the characteristic apathy of hi race, and its faith in fatalism, believed his time come. Whatever the reason, there sat he in sullen resignation, a very picture of despair, aught but a cheerful fellow-traveler on the

And on such both my comrade and I now be-lieved ourselves launched, irrevocably and with-out return. For Crittenden had at length, and ong ere this, become convinced of the dange He could not avoid it. Doomed to a certaint if no help came from without, and we had a

if no help came from without, and we had as good as given up all hope of that.

So we sat, by the side of death, as it were—a death painful as sure, with life-long lingering; an end horrible to think of. We did think of it, nevertheless. How could we help, since it was staring us in the face!—waiting for us!

Little conversation was carried on now. All had been said that needed saying, and our

thoughts were mutually understood without the necessity of exchanging speech. They were very similar, their subject being the same—the gloomy fate before us. Dejected and sick at heart, we passed the long hours of that day; no living thing seen save the birds of ill-omen above, and nothing heard but their cries, alike foreboding evil. And on through the yet more irksome hours of another night; listening to the dismal cry of the great swamp owl, the vengeful-like screech of the gruya crane, and the wailing notes of the whippowil. It needed no such concert to make us melancholy; we had cause enough without it.

And yet when morning again broke over us, and we once more looked upon the snowy summits of the two great mountains, rose-tinted by the rays of the ascending sun, the sight so beautiful inspired us with fresh hopes; or, at least, a desire to live.

Stimulated by this, we again raised our voices, exercise there to the verset.

Stimulated by this, we again raised our voices, exerting them to the utmost. We shouted in turns, loudly calling, and in tones of appeal not to be mistaken; in the intervals listening intervals.

A human voice at last—a shout—a responsive hail! Thank the Heaveniy and merciful Father!

No pen could paint, or tongue tell, the thrill of joy that ran through us on hearing that hail. It might be likened to the cry "Reprieved!" sent over the heads of spectators, to the ears of a condemned man standing on the scaffold

The shout so sweet to our ears was repeated; for we had hailed in response. And then we heard several voices calling in chorus; one of which our canoeman recognized. For he also was now roused from his apathy, and was him-

"Praise to the Virgin! Glory to the good Santa Mercedes!" he exclaimed, starting up and flinging his arms excitedly around. "You hear, caballeros? It's the Seāor Don Tito who calls!" Don Tito it surely was—his presence there soon after explained by himself. He had not come by chance or accident, but, carrying out a purpose, in which he had now succeeded, since it was neither more nor less than to search for ourselves. How he should know we were lost, scarce needs to be told. Simply, by the canoeman not returning to the chinampas in due time. The good alcalde suspecting something amiss, had sent his own son—meanwhile returned home—to San Isidro, to inquire whether we had reached that place insafety. Taking the more directroute sent his own son—meanwhile returned nome—to
San Isidro, to inquire whether we had reached
that place in safety. Taking the more direct route
—the acaloté leading to the left—the youth arrived at San Isidro, to find from his father's
friend, that we had not been for the horses
which were to have been furnished us. Speeding back to the chinampas with this intelligence,
it was there surmised that we had met with the
mischance, which had actually befallen us. The
violent storm coming suddenly on just after
we had started, led Don Tito to believe that we
were beset by bandoleros of a different sort to
those from whom we had fled. So, summoning
together a score of his people, with their boats,
and placing himself at their head, the worthy
alcalde had set out to look for us. He knew the
route we were to have taken, and found the
acaloté closed up. But, by good fortune, only
for a hundred yards or so at that end; and with
their broad blades, like hay-knives—used for
cutting the cinta—the chinamperos soon hewed
out a track for the canoe, so freeing us from our out a track for the canoe, so freeing us from our

fix."
The storm had done damage to the floating gardens; some of them having broken loose from their moorings, and drifted out into the open water. They too had been visited by ban open water. They too had been visited by bandoleros, real robbers of the road, as Don Tito
had now no doubt they were. They had, as I
supposed, made direct for the chinampa of the
alcalde; but to find it deserted and the choza
empty. Apprehending their character, before
they could make landing, he had availed himself
of the means of safety hinted at, and taken to of the means of safety hinted at, and taken to the cinta, to return home after the intruders had gone off again. This they had done, soon as the storm permitted, its violence having affected them too. Disappointed in not finding their intended victims—my comrade and my-self, as we supposed—they had rowed away with-out committing any outrage on the water-dwel-lers.

released from our prison in the sedge. For we did not return with him to the chinampas. He pro-posed our doing so, offering to send us back to the city in one of his boats, by the main canal a proposal we declined for good reasons. The bandits might still be at Tlalhuac, and our re-volvers were empty, with nothing to reload them. It was a bit of good luck, our having brought these weapons with us. The sham fish-erman had seen them upon our persons; and to that we were no doubt indebted for our live the dread which the repeating pistol inspire among all Mexicans, robbers not excepted, hav ing saved us from being attacked as we pas Tlalhuac. The bandits had thought better of and changing their plan, designed assailing us by surprise and under the shadows of night.

his son along, we had the horses as originally

In fine, we arrived safe at our respective quarters—I for one determined never again to trust myself so far afield, without being accom-

CHAPTER XV

AN INVITATION FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

THERE were now three men in or about the Mexican capital, any one of whom I would have given something to set eyes on, and a good deal to get them all under my glance.

I need scarce say who they were: the reader will recognize them as the thirt who stelled Care.

will recognize them as the thief who stole Cap tain Moreno's watch, the boatman who betrayed I name them, not according to the order in which I was desirous of meeting them, but reversely. As already said, seeing the first would versely. As already said, seeing the first would have been of little service to me, unless some lucky chance enabled me to identify him. Besides, my affair with him was only a matter of lost money, for which I had got in exchange the warm friendship of a worthy man; some compensation certainly. As for the second, I should know him at sight; and was determined, if I want had this addition to what him with I want to wash him. if I ever had this advantage, to make him suffer for the series of tricks he had played me. I had no doubt of what his intention had been to have me waylaid at Tlalhuac, or somewhere else upon the canal. But his motive was not so clear. Could it be that my behavior to him at the close of our first interview—that rebuke with the opprobrious epithet bestowed—had gained me his deadly hostility, and for that he harbored revenge? I have known cases of the kind among Mexicans of his class, who are ver Corsicans in their ideas of the vendetta. Still Corsicans in their ideas of the vendetta. Still, such a motive was hardly sufficient to account for so much maneuvering, with the pains it must have cost him to get me into his power. More like, the men he was acting with were robbers, himself one, who designed getting hold of my person in order to demand ransom. If so, or indeed in any case, I was not likely to see him again either; nor ever more be mysteriously reminded of having done him a service.

Of all three I wanted most to be face to face

Of all three I wanted most to be face to face with the Senor Don Hilario, or anywhere within hailing distance of him. So long as he was at large I trembled for the safety of the Indian girl. For if, as Espinosa had hinted, he was chief of a robber band, he could reach her almost anywhere. It did not secone me to think most anywhere. chief of a robber band, he could reach her almost anywhere. It did not escape me to think that his might be the very men whom we had seen at Tlalhuac, and who followed us to the chinampas, he leading and the other guiding them. For the two were ever associated in my thoughts, from their being near one another when I first saw them. The only reason for my not supposing them friends was their apparent disparity of rank. But as robbers that would count for nothing: and the ragged fellow might count for nothing; and the ragged fellow might be in disguise, as the dandy was while counter-feiting a Red Hat. That the pelado could play parts, too, I had now reason to know. he was no fisherman, or he would better have known how to row a boat.

And yet there were reasons against my believ-

wife! Bessie, sweet eyes, look up! Look at me, dear—do you love me enough to take me?"
And the village school lost its teacher; and the village people gossiped, as a natural thing; and Judge Thurston installed little brown-eyed Bessie in his magnificent home, and between managing it in all its luxurious details, and loving Maude and Aileen and little Rose, and worshiping her handsome, dignified husband, happy prisome hours of an other night; listening to the disknet hours of an other night; listening to the wailing notes of the graya crane, and the wailing notes of the whippowil. It needed no bour ing managing it in all its luxurious details, and loving Maude and Aileen and little Rose, and worshiping her handsome, dignified husband, happy prisome hours of another night; listening to the disknet hours, and nothing heard but their cries, alike foreboding evil. And on through the yet more foreboding evil. And on through the yet more foreboding evil. It may be in the firelight by the ingleside, Where friends with happy faces sit; It may be 'neath the luster of the stars That you will me forget.

It may be in thy home beside the river.

It may be in thy home beside the river.

her account.

It even reconciled me to not seeing her any more alongside the Paseo de las Vigas. With the danger that I now knew threatened her, I was better pleased to think she stayed at home, trusting that time would bring about an opportunity of my meeting her again.

Time did not give me this with any of the three individuals I was so desirous to see. Days passed, and though in every walk I took through the streets or on the Alameda, every ride in either of the two Paseos, or at the head of my troop, every visit I paid to café, restaurant, market-place, Plaza de Toros, or theater, I had my eyes on the alert, interrogating every chink and corner, no more could I get them on any one of the trio I was so zealously searching for.

for.

Thus disappointed, 1 came at length to the conclusion, that two of them at least were no longer in the ciry, and one, if not both, to be found should be looked for among the mountain passes—by the Pyramids of San Juan de Teoti

During all this time I was in contact, even daily communication, with him whose acquaintance I had made under such singular circumstances. Captain Moreno and I had in truth become friends, firmly and warmly attached to one another, notwithstanding the gulf of national enmity which, as might be supposed, would have kept us apart. Scarce a day passed that we did not meet elsewhere; he either visiting me at my quarters, or I him at his rooms—furnished apartments, of a superior style to those of Colonel Espinosa. For Moreno belonged to the fumilias principales—his father being a rich haciendado of the tierra adentro—and was but little dependent on his soldier's pay; so little, that the withholding it had not driven him into lodgings on the entresuelo.

We often again supped and dined at the Espi-ritu Santo, and most as often jested and laughed over the odd incident which had been the means of bringing us together. Long ere this my expenditure on our first supper was repaid me in kind, and far more. For the young Mexican, besides being a man of means, was generous as rich, and would insist upon paying for everything. He borrowed no doubloons from me as his brother officer. Estimose head done without thing. He borrowed no doubloons from me as his brother officer, Espinosa, had done, without repaying them. But I knew the lancer colonel could not help it; he being always hard up for the needful—bare and naked as the blade of his lance. So he jestingly used to say of himcelf.

Things had been going on in this way for

Things had been going on in this way for some time, when, one morning, Moreno met me sauntering along the Calle de Plateros. I had lately taken more to the "Street of the Silversmiths," less frequenting the Paseo de las Vigas, for reasons easily guessed.

Approaching me with a mysterious air, and manner somewhat ceremonial, he said:

"Amigo mto! Do you know that next week will commence the Pascuas de Navidad?"

"Of course I do, Captain Moreno. Strange if I didn't—I, native of a country where Christmas is kept with all its observances. But why do you remind me of its advent?"

"Only to ask if you have any engagement for the Noche Buena," that being the Spanish synonym for Christmas Eve.

"It's on Thursday next," he added, while I was reflecting on what reply to make, and whether was more remote in the product of the prod

was reflecting on what reply to make, and whether my engagements included the night preceding Christmas. "I hope you haven't."

"No." I said, in rejoinder; "not any for that pricht I believe."

"Then may I ask you to spend it with me?"

"I shall do that with the greatest pleasure.
But where? At your rooms, or in the Espiritu "At neither; nor anywhere in the city. I

want you to go with me to the country, and er

oy a real dia de campo; see our country people and their sports—which you will where I intend

Nothing would more delight me." but spoke the truth. Though conquerors of I but spoke the truth. Mexico, and holding possession of the capital, we were yet outsiders to its social life—especially that more distinctly national, whose costumbres can only be studied in the remote rural districts, where we dared not go, unless in disguise, to observe them.

guise, to observe them.

"Pues, señor," proceeded he, who was in the act of inviting me; "I think I can promise you an entertainment with something that may be novel to you. As you know, we Mexicans, being good Catholics, don't look upon Christmas in the same light as you hereticos of the North. That is, we don't regard it so much as a religious factival: though I suppose we grend it is a gious festival; though I suppose we spend it in a somewhat similar way. With us the "Noche Buena" is the great occasion. On that night, which includes the day as well, rich and poor do which includes the day as well, rich and poor do their very best to be happy, or at all events make believe it. Our ricos give grand entertainments—not dinners but suppers—a meal, amigo mio, I shall always regard with especial favor, since it was by a supper our friendship

was cemented."
At this I interrupted him, to return the compliment. I could not have done less.
"And," he continued, "the poor, however poor they may be, contrive on that occasion to make a respectable appearance—dressing in their best, and setting dishes on their tables regardless of expense. If they don't taste meat throughout all the rest of the year, they must certainly have it at their noche buena supper. And to get it, they often pinch themselves for And to get it, they often pinch themselves for weeks before the *fiesta*, as well as after. But you shall see for yourself how we spend Christ-

May I ask who the gentleman is? "Of course. It's my uncle. He's a haciendado, and the proprietor of an extensive maqueyal; which I only wish were mine, as it' brings him in some thousands a year, with scarce any more trouble than drawing money out of a bank. His hacienda—La Soledad—is some five or six leagues from the city, by the edge of Lake Chalco, near San Isidro. I'm glad you've consented to go with me; and hope you'll not withdraw your consent, when I tell you the invitation hasn't originated with myself."

"Ah! Have I the pleasure of knowing your purple though His name?"

"I have I the pleasure of knowing your uncle, then? His name?"
"Don Joaquin Covarubio."
"I have heard the name." I had, for it was that of one of the large landed proprietors in the valley. "But I can't remember ever hav-

No matter about him. It wasn't he who has made me his deputy in this matter.
"Who, then?" My cousins; two rather pretty muchachitas,

who are very desirous of cultivating your ac-quaintance, and of whose beauty I want to have your opinion; knowing you to be something of Strange, listening to all this, though anything but unpleasant. For I had heard a good deal of talk about the beauty of the Covarubic girls, and knew more than one of my brother officers who would have been glad of an introduction to them; cladder still to think they desired it.

to them; gladder still to think they desired it.
Of course I felt correspondingly flattered, and said so, adding:

Would she be there? And would she be glad to see me? The former question included the latter, and I could not answer it. Moreno had said "possibly," without giving any reasons for his thinking it an uncertainty, and not on any account would I have asked him for them now. He seemed already to know enough, or too much, of my love affair; though how he had come by his knowledge I could not even guess. I had told no one of my inclinings in that quarter—not even Crittenden—and was rather congratulating myself on having kept them secret. As it appeared, I was mistaken, and so far as the satisfaction of secrecy went, had been but living in a fool's paradise. "As you know, Captain Moreno, I shall be only too pleased to make the acquaintance of any of your friends, whoever they may be."
"That's settled, then; and I shall call for you on Thursday morning. At what hour?"
"Choose your own time; any hour after morning parade. I shall stay in quarters till you come."

you come."
"Bueno! I'll be with you by eleven. We'll soon gallop down to La Soledad, in good time for the sports, which begin early in the afternoon. My uncle intends to have a grand gathering, all the country people within miles; so you'll have an opportunity to study the costumbres de Mexico. And," he added, with a smile of peculiar significance, "possibly you may there see something that will please you better than all—meet somebody you'll think even prettier than my pretty cousins."

than all—meet somebody you'll think even pret-tier than my pretty cousins."

"Who?" I mechanically asked, with an eager-ness he could not fail to observe. He had men-tioned San Isidro. Besides, I well remembered what he had said about an uncle who lived by the lake; and with heart wildly heaving I awaited his answer, more than half aware what it would be. It was as I anticipated:
"La Reing de los Large."

would be. It was as I anticipated:
"La Reina de los Lagos."
At which he again favored me with his pe "Oh!" I said, making an effort to conceal my emotion, unsuccessful though. "You mean the Indian girl who sells flowers in the San Domingo market?"

As it appeared, I was mistaken, and so far as the satisfaction of secrecy went, had been but living in a fool's paradise.

If at the fiesta, how would the Queen of the Lakes comport herself? With dignity, I could tell; and of her grace there needed no guessing. I could fancy her there, queen of the land as the lakes. It was not of this however I was thinking, but her behavior in other respects. Was she likely to enact the rôle of coquette, and so justify Espinosa's insinuations? or would she be, as I had hitherto seen her, the personification of ingenuousness—of innocence—to all appearance good as she was beautiful?

As yet I had no jealousy. The pang I had experienced, listening to the innuendoes of the would-be go-between, and the talk of the lancer colonel—borne out by appearances, was not exactly of that kind. Besides, it had long since passed away, and I no longer dreaded having a robber for my rival. But there might be a rival for all that—some youth I had not yet seen, neither heard of. If so, I would surely see him at La Soledad—supposing her to be there. Who, and what like would he be? One of her own race? Absurd the question, as the thought! However pure the strain of blood market?"

"I mean the Indian girl who sells flowers in the San Domingo market," was the response, in provoking imitation of my pseudo-innocent tone; "the same from whom a certain officer of Mounted Rifles has often purchased the choicest and costliest nosegays, and—"
"Nonsense!" I blurted out, interrupting him,

as I felt the red rising to my cheeks.

"The same," he went on, without heeding me, "whose pretty floating flower-garden the said rifleman was so curious to inspect; and did inspect, though it came near costing him his life. Now, amigo mio, do you identify the individual?"

dividual?"

I stammered out some reply, I scarce remember what, only that it ended in a burst of laughter, in which we both took part.

"Now, Señor Capitan," he said, drawing our dialogue to a close, "I think I've secured you for the Noche Buena; doubly secured you, have I not?"

He had; and knew it, without my making CHAPTER XVI.

ON the Thursday morning, as appointed, Captain Moreno came to my quarters, mounted and ready for the road. He found me awaiting him, with Crittenden, who was to be of the party—the young Mexican having made my friend's acquaintance some time before, and invited him

We were both in full uniform, booted and spurred. Our late experience in ranchero dress had given us a distaste for that sort of thing; so we determined to present ourselves at La Sole

dad in a costume we were more accustomed to, if it did not better become us. Moreover, to make sure against another scare from either robbers or guerilleros, I had detached a half-dozen files of men to accompany us as escort. This I could do at discretion, without need to trouble head-quarters about such a trifle; and

it had all been already arranged with him who

was our host by proxy.

"The more the merrier," he said, glancing at the escort, mounted, and paraded be fore us. "Your soldiers—what fine looking fellows they are!—will greatly add to the in

ing fellows they are!—will greatly add to the in-terest of the gathering. I'm sure my uncle will be only too glad to give them entertainment, while the country folks will go crazy with de-light, at this new element introduced into the arena of their sports. For I'm happy to tell you, caballero, there's no hostility now, as there was when you first made your appearance among us. You came as invaders and conquer-

was when you have have you among us. You came as invaders and conquerors; which, as a matter of course, our people didn't much like. Now, they rather look upon you as protectors. And with reason, considering the way you've behaved, especially in ridding us of road gentlemen. Before your advent they made inventions around here rather a risky

made journeying around here rather a risky

thing."

This was true enough, for we had been zealous in the pursuit of these Mexican brigands, and had succeeded in breaking up some of the bands, by the capture and execution of several of their noted leaders. Still there were others at large,

and one whom I suspected of occasionally making his appearance in that part of the valley we

were about to visit; so that taking an escor

along with us was a precaution by no means un

necessary. Simple prudence called for it.

My brother officer and I expressed our gratification at hearing the Mexican so deliver himself; and everything settled, we sprung into our saddles, gave the word "March!" and were

Passing out through the "garita" of San Laz

aro, we turned our faces eastward, along the great National Road which leads from the capi-tal to the coast at Vera Cruz.

It was a lovely morning, the rule rather than the exception in this charming valley, where spring ever reigns. If there be an interregnum 'tis when summer assumes the scepter. Around us stretched the smiling plain, most of it in meadow, with here and there a maize field, bordered by rows of magazets set in quipocurves.

dered by rows of magueys set in quincunxes these gigantic aloes forming the characteristi vegetation of the valley. In front was the grea salt Lake Tezcoco, of itself a little sea, reflecting

salt Lake Tezcoco, of itself a little sea, reflecting, as from a vast mirror laid upon its back, the mountain ranges which rose beyond, these appearing part of its frame. Southward on this same cordillera of the Mexican Andes, known as the Sierra Madre, Ixticihuatl was conspicuous; La mujer blanca of the Spanish-speaking inhabitants—the "white woman" herself seen

inhabitants—the "white woman" herself seen reclining upon her back, with knees slightly elevated, breasts protuberant, and head resting upon a pillow of snow. Still further south, and on the same ridge—separated from Ixticihuatl by a col—towered the loftier Popocatepec, "the mountain that smokes,"—its Aztec appellation tallier it to have been a stillier it to have been a stillier in the loftier.

telling it to have been an active volcano; which it still is, intermittently. Around the valley our eyes were carried from summit to summit,

those behind our backs being in the western cordillera, which displays the solitary snow cone of Toluca; while on our right and left

cone of Toluca; while on our right and left trended transverse sierras of lower elevation, though many of them high as Mont Blanc, uni-ting the two cordilleras, and so completing the periphery of this remarkable table-land. It would be difficult to imagine, much more look upon lovelier landscape than that we had before and around us; possessing every element of the beautiful and sublime, like some vast scenic pic-ture, framed in rugged rock-work. A scene, too, teeming with interest to the historian; still more to the geologist, who at every stem may

more to the geologist, who at every step may discover traces of earthquake and volcanic ac tion, all the forces of upheaval with the oppo

site and less rapid processes of erosion and denu-dation. As he rides across it, from east to west, or makes the traverse from north to south, he will not fail to note certain isolated emineness

less like hills than miniature mountains, rising directly up from the plain without any uneven ness of ground around their bases. Some o these "cerros" are flat-topped, others conical with a quaint resemblance to tea-cups turned bottom upward, many having an extinct crategither in their side or summit. Even in their

either in their side or summit. Even in Lak Chalco itself, as already stated, two or three of these little volcances shoot up out of the swamp their façades of dark lava and basalt in striking

contrast with the rich verdure of the surround ing sedge.

In several scouting expeditions made through

In several scouting expeditions made through the Mexican Valley, while in the performance of my duty, I had ridden among and around these odd elevations, observing them with interested eyes. But on this particular morning, I neither looked at, nor thought of them. All my thoughts were given to the sort of people I should meet at La Soledad; but more than all—I may as well confess it—to one I had met before.

Dora's Mother-in-law.

amph to win, the sweeter to possess her!
(To be continued—commenced in No. 466.)

of her own race? Absurd the question, as the thought! However pure the strain of blood from Aztec kings, and unchallenged the line of descent, there was none in the valley of Mexico—none living—fit mate for my queen. Sure was

Who, then, might be the besieger of her he if such there was? If such there was! What ridiculous condition! There could be not doubt in this regard; for such there must be

doubt in this regard; for such there must benot one, but many. A more rational question
was, had any of them won it? And if so, who?
I could fancy her at this fiesta beset, surrounded by flatterers, admirers. Such a spectacle I should be sure to see, still supposing her
there. But, how could I believe that up to that
hour—she was woman grown, if not of woman's
age—she had resisted such a battery of assault?
A miracle if she had, and the greater the triumph to win, the sweeter to possess her!

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

OLD Mrs. Morris did not fancy "city girls." She was disposed to class them all together as bundles of flounces and frivolity, and "store-

bundles of flounces and frivolity, and "storegirls" as the worst of the bunch.

"Oh, I know 'em!" says mother Morris.

"I've seen jest lots of 'em, switchin' their long trains and ruffles up and down the store floors, and puttin' on airs when plain, sensible folks come in to buy! Lordy! one would think they owned a brick block and a million of money, anyhow, and they do say most of 'em board in the awfulest holes, and spend every cent for fine duds to cover their backs with. Nice housekeepers they'd make! Store-girls! Don't tell me!"

Now it chanced that mother had one "own Now it chanced that mother had one "own and only" son and heir, who was in business over at Woodstown. And Woodstown was quite an aristocratic place, and boasted much of what is called "good society."

Mother Morris was very proud of her boy, and delighted that he was where he had so good a chance to select what she longed for, and had never possessed—a daughter.

Judge, then, of what she felt when Tom came over one day to bring her news of his marriage.

over one day to bring her news of his marriage with a young lady with whom he had become acquainted in one of the great wholesale houses

where he went to buy goods.

"A store girl!" gasped mother Morris, dropping her churn-dasher, and sinking into a chair.

"Yes, mother. But a dear, tidy, industrious little body who longs for a home of her own."

"What sort of a place will she keep?" sighed the bewildered mother.

"A neat one, I'm sure, mother, for she is always so herself. She was brought up in a good home—her father was quite wealthy at one time. When he died, a rich uncle would have taken her, but she preferred to support herself and be independent. That speaks well for her,

'Humph! Well enough!" growled Mother

"I'm sure you'll love her when you know her," persisted Tom. "You'll come over to the wedding, and let me bring her here for a visit,

"Oh, yes! I s'pose I'll have to!" groaned mother Morris, covering her face with her apron. "'Tain't natur' to turn against my own boy, even if he does disappoint me. It'll be bad enough on you to have a shiftless wife to take care of, without losing a mother too! Bring her here; I'll do my best for ye, Tom. But I don't see why you couldn't choose a wife from the ee why you couldn't choose a wife from the clain country girls around home; I'm sure I

Tom only laughed as he kissed his mother good-by, thinking to himself that the reason was because he never found any of them worth

Well, man proposes, you know—but he doesn't

week, man proposes, you know—but he doesn't always dispose.

Mother Morris proposed to go to Tom's wedding, and make herself as pleasant as possible, not withstanding her disappointment. But when the time came, she was laid up with her spiteful old enemy, rheumatism, and could barely hobble around her own room.

She wrote to Tom souding a set of solid silver.

barely hobble around her own room.

She wrote to Tom, sending a set of solid silver spoons as a wedding gift, and inviting them to finish their wedding trip with a visit to her.

She dreaded the meeting with her daughter-in-law greatly, but she made preparations to receive them in her best style. And when they came, and Tom introduced a trim little body, with a sweet sensible face, as his wife she

with a sweet, sensible face, as his wife, she could not help admitting that as far as looks went, he had made a good choice.

The nice alpaca traveling-dress was pronounced "most too stylish," but it was neither frivolous nor extravagant. And when next morning Dora came down in a chintz wrapper, and offered her help in the kitchen, saying she knew how to do housework, and liked it too, her vic ory over Tom's mother was pretty well won.
They spent a pleasant week, and then returned to Woodstown, and went to housekeeping in the pretty cottage Tom had rented.

During their visit, mother Morris learned that Dora had saved five hundred dollars from her alary. This, she supposed, would furnish the nouse, and therefore she withheld for the prent, a sum she had intended giving tnem for

In a few weeks she went over to see them from and Dora were delighted to show her over every nook and corner of the neat, new house. The first object that met mother Morris's eye

The first object that met mother Morris's eye in the parlor, was a fine piano.

"A piano! I didn't know you could afford one, Tom!" was her exclamation.

"I couldn't, mother," says Tom. "To furnish the house was all I could do. Dora bought that with her five hundred dollars."

"It is my one extravagance," said Dora, smiling, though her fair cheeks flushed a little. "I felt as if I couldn't live without music."

"Oh!" was all the answer mother Morris gave. But her manner showed that she did think it extravagant, and Dora felt it keenly.

Only the more, because Tom did not quite approve of the purchase of the piano, but thought it would be better to wait a few years.

mother-in-law could find no flaw, save the one extravagance in the parlor, which was tacitly avoided by all of them.

Time went on, and Tom's affairs prospered finely the first year. Then the hard times set in, and stronger houses than Tom's felt the pressure.

He got along pretty well, all things considered. But his mother, when she came for her usual spring visit, could see that he looked worn and worried.

and worried.

One evening he came in very pale, and threw himself in his chair with a smothered groan.

"What's the matter? Are you sick?" asked both mother Morris and Dora, at once.

"Matter enough! I've tried so hard to keep up, and now everything has got to go by the board!" groaned Tom, leaning his face in his bands.

Let us know what you mean. Is it your

"Let us know what you mean. Is it your business?" asked mother Morris.

"Yes; I thought I had everything arranged and I could keep up nicely, if I could get through the next three days; and I can't do it."

"Why didn't you come to me for help?" asked mother Morris.

"I thought I could get through by myself, and then I would have been so proud," declared poor Tom. "If I had known this yesterday, I could have got help for a few days."

"Known what?" asked Dora, quietly.

"Rowe and Ross failed to-day. Nobody thought of such a thing yesterday, but it's a dead break, a tee-total smash. I hold some paper of theirs, which must be paid to-morrow morning, or the bank will put it to protest. And if my name once goes to protest, everything else will crowd right on, and I'll be ruined by to-morrow night! Ah me!" and Tom groaned again.

"How much is the note?" asked Dora, a supgroaned again.
"How much is the note?" asked Dora, a sup-

"Twelve hundred."
"How much can you raise on it!"
"Just four hundred! A drop in the bucket!"
"I can let you have the money, but we can't get it here by to-morrow morning" said his mother. "No, we could not, thank you all the same, mother. But it's too late! Too late! I only care for your sake, Dora, dear, I don't mind for

nyself."

Dora rose and left the room without a word.
"It's more that she can bear," sighed poor

"Tes more that sale to the sal

asying:
"Dora, you look as if you didn't bellieve it."
"No more I don't!" said Dora, brightly. She
went straight over to Tom, and said to him:
"Hold out your two hands, mister!"
Wondering, Tom obeyed.
Drawing her own little hands, close clasped,
through his, she left in his palms a thick roll of

"Tora, what is this!" cried Tom.

"Money—count it," said Dora, laconically.
Tom counted. Just eight hundred dollars.

"Dora, whose money is this!" he asked.

"It was mine a minute ago. It is yours, now," answered Mrs. Dora, demurely.

"Where did you get it?" demanded Tom.

"The piano got it for me. Did you think I was going to do nothing, while you worked,
Tom! You knew I had some music scholars."

"You said you meant to take two or three, for spending money, and I thought that was all you had done."

"But you see you are away from home so much, you don't know what I'm up to here. I have had all the scholars I could attend to, and

I have had all the scholars I could attend to, and hard work to get through, sometimes. I've made all that, Tom, and I kept it for some hour of need. Will it help you now?"

"Help me!" And Tom just pulled Dora down on his knee, and cried like a girl, big fellow as he was. And I'm not sure mother Morris and Dora both didn't help him!

But I am sure the note didn't go to protest. And with a little help from his mother, Tom weathered the gale, and was as prosperous as ever.

And mother Morris took back every word she

had said about extravagance, and "store-girls," and now thinks there is nobody, anywhere, equal to Tom's wife.
While Dora, next to that big, good-natured husband of hers, prizes and loves her mother-in-

THE BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME.

When the roads are heavy with mire and rut,
In November fogs, in December snows.
When the North Wind howls, and the doors are shut,
There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,
And the jasmine-stars at the lattice climb,
And a Rosalind-face at the casement shows,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,
When the reason stands on its squarest toes,
When the mind (like a beard) has a "formal cut,"
There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,
And the young year draws to the "wanton prime,"
Whenever Sir Romeo courting goes,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts didactic strut,
In a changing quarrel of "Ayes" and "Noes,"
In a starched procession of "If" and "But,"
There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
But whenever a soft glance softer grows,
And the birds are glad in the pairing time,
And the secret is told "that no one knows,"
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In the valley of life—for its needs and woes, There is place and to spare for the pains of prose But whenever the joy-bells clash and chime, Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

The Fresh of Frisco:

The Heiress of Buenaventura. A Story of Southern California.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN. THOR OF "THE WOLF-DEMON," "INJUN DICK,
THE POLICE SPY," "THE WITCHES OF NEW "THE CHILD OF THE SAVANNA. PRETTY MISS NELL," "THE M FROM TEXAS," "ACE OF SPADES," "OWLS OF NEW YORK,"

CHAPTER XXVII.

TURNING THE TABLES.

WITH the spring of a tiger the unknown assailant had leaped upon the adventurer, and stout Sandy McAlpine, despite his great strength, was taken at a fearful disadvantage.

The merchant of Buen ventura, too, was also are to the sand heir strength.

so prompt to act, and being a man of large and muscular frame, almost a match for McAlpine at any time, he proved to be of no mean assist-ance to the other.

the house was all I could do. Dora bought that with her five hundred dollars."

"It is my one extravagance," said Dora, smiling, though her fair cheeks flushed a little. "I felt as if I couldn't live without music."

"Oh!" was all the answer mother Morris gave. But her manner showed that she did think it extravagant, and Dora felt it keenly. Only the more, because Tom did not quite approve of the purchase of the piano, but thought it would be better to wait a few years.

Dora did not offer to play for mother Morris, nor did any one ask her. The piano was kept quietly closed during her visit.

Everything was in faultless order. The good

McAlpine conquered, the two victors stood upright, drew a long breath and looked down in triumph upon their prey.

The merchant had at once recognized the Mexican, for it was the cutthroat bully of Tejon Camp who had come so opportunely to his assistance. The alcalde had not neglected to introduce his best bravo to the merchant.

"Now then, Sandy McAlpine, I fancy that the situation is somewhat changed?" McKerr exclaimed, in triumph.

exclaimed, in triumph.

"I was foolish to have given you a single chance for your life!" the adventurer retorted, bitterly. "I ought to have settled my account with you with a well-aimed bullet the moment.

with you with a well-aimed bullet the moment I saw you."

"Oho!" McKerr cried, "is that what you think? By the faith that is in me, Sandy McAlpine, I think that, with your own lips, you have sealed your doom!" And then he turned to the Mexican. "How did it happen that you came as you did? Was it accident or design? By all that is lucky but you came at the right moment, for this fellow had me foul!"

"Orders," replied the cut throat, laconically. "Oh, yes, orders!" cried the adventurer, in anger, "orders from your ally, the black-hearted alcalde of Tejon Camp, and, like a fool, I never suspected that he would put a watch upon me, although I might have known that he would."

You are not a wise man to walk into the "You are not a wise man to walk into the lion's den, take him by the beard and then think no evil consequences would follow the rash act," the merchant remarked. "What were the orders regarding this fellow?" he asked, again addressing the Mexican.
"To follow him—find out where he went and who he had with him, for he said that a woman accompanied nim."
"Aha!" cried McKerr, abruptly, "that was your game, eh?" The merchant, a shrewd and crafty plotter himself, at once jumped to the other's plan. "You pretended that Barbara Scott had escaped from the wreck, and you

other's plan. "You pretended that Barbara Scott had escaped from the wreck, and you came here to see how much money you could extort out of us. Oh, it was a bold game; but it has failed, and now I am master of your fate. Come, what have you to say for yourself?"

The adventurer scowled, but would not grati-

his enemy with a reply.

But you have failed at every point, and now your life is at my mercy!" the merchant continued, in triumph. "Sandy McAlpine, is there any reason in the world why I should spare you, now that I hold you helpless in my power?" "Oh, go on with your work, and don't waste your breath," McAlpine retorted, impatiently; "you may need it some day to cool your portides."

ridge."
"What were the orders in regard to this man's life?" the merchant asked of the Mexican.
"To kill him if he was ugly." the cutthroat answered, speaking as carelessly as though he referred to a rabbit rather than to a human be-

ing. "Well, then you might as well settle him at once and so save all further trouble," McKerr remarked, after reflecting for a moment in re-

remarked, after renecting for a moment in regard to the matter.

The Mexican took his revolver from his pocket where it hung suspended at his side and cocking the weapon coolly approached the helpless man in order to make his aim certain.

ing the weapon coolly approached the helpless man in order to make his aim certain.

Despite his iron will and his cool nerves the sweat-drops began to coze out on the forehead of the adventurer. Sandy McAlpine had seen the dark angel of death pretty close to him quite a number of times during his life of adventure, but never nearer than now.

"All ready," said the bravo, taking deliberate aim at the head of the prostrate man, the muzzle not a yard from him.

"Pull, then, and good-by, Sandy McAlpine!" cried the merchant.

The Mexican obeyed on the word, but there were two reports instead of one, the first a moment quicker than the second.

Wonderful was the result.

A new-comer had turned the bend in the trail, a hundred feet off, just at the moment when the merchant had given the command to fire, and, unobserved by all the actors in the tragic scene, had immediately taken a hand in the affair.

He perceived that murder was in the air and

He perceived that murder was in the air and

He perceived that murder was in the air and at once took action. He was resolved at all hazards and at all risks, if he could, to prevent the perpetration of the bloody deed.

His the first shot; the Mexican's the second.

Lope had aimed, with bloody design, to take the life of the adventurer, and the new-comer, with a quick, snap shot, fired apparently without the formality of aim being taken at all, had struck the revolver from the hand of the cutstruck the revolver from the hand throat, the shock acting upon the Mexican like a shock from a galvanic battery, almost ren-dering helpless his strong, cunning right

arm.

The timely bullet saved the life of the bound and helpless man, for the bullet of the bravo, diverted from its course by the wonderful shot,

sped away harmless through the air.

"Hallo! what are you about?" the new-comer cried, the moment he fired, advancing rapidly with outstretched weapon, fully master of the cityation.

"Help! help!" exclaimed McAlpine; "these men intend to murder me in cold blood." By this time the Mexican had recovered from the effects of the sudden shock which the stranhis revolver, but the stranger was on the alert and with a warning word he halted the cut-

throat.
"Hold on!" he cried, imperiously, "don't touch that we'pon or I shall be compelled to bore

you!"
The tone of the stranger's voice perfectly satisfied the Mexican that the speaker would be as good as his word; and then, too, the new-comer was no stranger to him, although he was to the merchant who had never had the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

The new-comer was Jackson Blake, the Fresh

of Frisco.

With that remarkable spirit of interference which was so strong in his nature, Blake no sooner looked upon the scene than he was impelled to come to the rescue of the man, who,

bound and helpless upon the ground, was at the mercy of the others.

The merchant glared in anger when he saw the Mexican halt so promptly at the call of the new-comer. He knew nothing of Blake—nothing whatever of the Fresh of Frisco's wonderful skill with all sorts of wearons; he had re-

thing whatever of the Fresh of Frisco's wonderful skill with all sorts of weapons; he had no idea that it was the stranger's skillfully-aimed ball which had stricken the revolver from the hand of the Mexican; on the contrary, he had fancied that Lope had carelessly missed the almost certain shot and had dropped his weapon in disgust, and so the wily McKerr, loth to give up the prey, now so secure in his power, showed a brave front to the stranger.

His revolver was out and so he instantly "covered" the bold intruder with it, an operation which did not seem to trouble Blake in the least, for he held his weapon at the level of his waist and made no attempt to repeat the other's threatening gesture.

threatening gesture.

"Be off with you and mind your own business!" the merchant cried, loudly. "Why do you thrust yourself into a quarrel which can

have no possible interest to you?"
"Oh, it's a way I have," Blake replied, in his easy, careless manner, which was so deceptive, and which so generally led strangers into a

which so generally wrong impression.

"Well, it's a way that you had better get out of!" cried McKerr, arrogantly. He fancied that he had measured his man, and that, awed by his bold front, the stranger was, to use the mountain phrase, beginning to "take water"

rather enjoying the joke.

"You had better; you may interfere in a quarrel that will cost you dear!"

"This one, perhaps, eh?" asked Blake, in a bentering tone.

"And supposing I don't choose to travel, what

then?"
"What then?" cried McKerr, angrily; "why then I'll give your friends, if you have any, a first-class chance to provide a tip-top funeral for

you."
"Ha! ha!" Blake laughed, merrily, for the

"Ha! ha!" Blake laughed, merrhy, for the idea struck him as being a comical one, "you'll provide a funeral for me, eh? I hope that you'll give me time to get ready."

"Come, be off with you; I am tired of talking!" McKerr commanded.

"Well, stop talking then and act a little."

"You fool! do you want me to murder you in cold blood!"

"You murder me? Oh, nonsense!" was Blake's

You murder me? Oh, nonsense!" was Blake's cool rejoinder.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FOR a moment McKerr stared in amazement; to be thus defied by a man completely in his power and at his mercy was really wonder-"Why, you impudent scoundrel!" he cried,

in a rage, "haven't you got eyes? Can't you see at a glance that I hold your life in the very "No, I can't see it, and I very much doubt that such is the case."
"Why I have you now 'covered' by my

weapon—"
"And the hammer down,"Blake interrupted, quickly, "while my revolvers are self-cockers and they only require a single pull to both raise the hammer and let loose the charge. Now calculate how many shots I can fire while you are cocking your pistol and see how much chance you have. Why, you big idiot! I could put three balls at least into you before you could

cock your pistol!"

For the first time the merchant comprehended that he had mistaken the man, and that the stranger really held him at a terrible disadvanture.

Now, then," Blake continued, "I propose to set in judgment in this case. I don't know anything about the merits of this quarrel at all, and on I am well qualified to give a most impartial opinion. At present you've got this man foul, and, if I'm any judge of signs, you were going to send him either to heaven or to the other place, with a mighty short shrift, when I appearance when some "

d upon the scene."

"He attempted my life!" cried McKerr, hascily, "and swore thathe would kill me if I didn't
sign a check for five thousand dollars!"

"Stranger I call upon you to give me a fair

sign a check for five thousand dollars!"

"Stranger, I call upon you to give me a fair show for my life!" McAlpine exclaimed, eager, like a drowning man, to clutch at any straw that promised hope.

"You shall have it, sir," Blake replied, with a courteous bow, "I give you my word for that. You shall find, all of you, that I'll make the most impartial and upright judge that ever heard a case in this hyar golden land."

"I am satisfied to abide by your decision!" the adventurer cried, quickly. "If after hearing the case you decide that I ought to meet death at the hands of this man, I will surrender my life, without a single appeal for mercy!"

"He talks fein counts!" dealered Blake ad

mercy!"

"He talks fair enough!" declared Blake, addressing the merchant; "what have you to say

The take fair enough!" declared blake, addressing the merchant; "what have you to say in regard to the matter?"
"Why should I submit my quarrels to your judgment?" McKerr demanded, angrily. "This man and myself are bitter enemies; the fortune

man and myself are bitter enemies; the fortune of war has given him into my hands; I bave overpowered and bound him—his life is mine; why then should I give him another chance simply at your bidding?"

"Because you are two to one and that ain's fair play!" Blake responded. "If you were man to man, and you had overcome him in a fair fight, why then it would be a different matter; to slay a man in the heat of passion, with the red riot of rage hot in your brain, is one thing; but to kill a foe in cold blood and he disarmed, bound and helpless at your feet, is quite another. A brave man will kill his enemy in a fair and open fight, but none but a cowardly cur will murder a man with cool deliberation, as you two were about to do when chance brought me upon the scene; but, we're going to have a fair trial now. Untie that man!" The command was addressed to the Mexican, and was inforced by an extremely significant motion with the revolver.

The cuttbroat glanced at the speaker for a

The cutthroat glanced at the speaker for a moment, his countenance dark with rage; then he looked at the merchant as if to ask his advice, but McKerr, astounded at the cool bravado Blake, was unwilling to bring on a conflict

"Come, come, hurry up; I'm not a particularly patient man, and it worries me to be kept waiting!" Blake commanded. "Release that man at once, or I'll be obliged to let daylight right through you!"

"But I protest against this interference!" the

merchant cried.

"Protest all you like, if it will ease your mind any," Blake retorted. "I'll give you about one minute—just about the time it takes me to count ten to release that man, and if he is not free at the end of that time I shall consider that the war has begun and I shall go in to 'salivate' both of you to the best of my ability."

The merchant and the Mexican exchanged clances—glances full of baffled hate and impos-

lances-glances full of baffled hate and impotent rage.
"Now-fair warning-one-two-three-four

Unconsciously the voice of the speaker began to deepen and the peculiar glitter, so ominous of danger, to appear in his eyes.

The cutthroat he itated no longer; he knelt by the side of the prostrate men and with his

by the side of the prostrate man and with his long, glittering knife cut the strong lariat that so Clear and distinct came the word from Blake's

Sandy McAlpine, a free man once again "Pick up your weapon, stranger," Blake ordered; "there's no telling but what it may come handy afore you get through with this hyer

The revolver had been forced from McAlpine's grasp during his desperate struggle with his as-sailants, but he was quick to obey the com-"And now, gentlemen, since we are going to have a trial instead of a fight—although the fight may come afterward—I suggest that we all put up our weapons, and then no one of us

will have an advantage over the other," Blake Slowly and sullenly McKerr thrust his pistol back into its pocket, then Blake replaced his re-volver in his belt, as he announced:

"The court is open, and the judge is ready to do his duty without fear or favor, so spit out your stories. First and foremost, I want you

your stories. First and foremost, I want you all to understand that I'm going to be just as impartial a man in this hyer case as you could scare up clean from the Mexican line to the Golden Gate. I don't know anything about any of you—never set eyes on you two principal parties, although I have had the pleasure of seeing this gentleman before," and he bowed to the Mexican with as much ceremony as though he had been the greatest man in the land. "I'll give you a good, square judgment, for of course I've not the slightest possible interest in your quarrel."

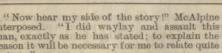
"This man attempted my life!" McKerr cried, angrily. "He hid himself behind a tree and then jumped out into the trail with drawn revolver and took me at a disadvantage. He swore that he'd take my life unless I signed a check in his favor for five thousand dollars."
"Well, he did strike you pretty heavy,"
Blake commented.

He had me in his power, and it was either Oh, but I ain't, you know," Blake retorted, my money or my life when my friend yonder happened to arrive, and he at once came to my assistance, and between us we overpowered this scoundrel and, but for your interference, his soul would be roasting in the flames below,

"Yes, this one, and if you'll take my advice you'll travel out of this about as fast as your legs can carry you."

by this time."

"The old gentleman down-stairs will hold a spite against me, then, I presume, for interfering," Blake observed, jocosely,



"Now hear my side of the story!" McAlpine interposed. "I did waylay and assault this man, exactly as he has stated; to explain a term of the story and the property of the story." "Go shead, sir," Blake said, with a polite bow; "this hyer court has got gobs of time at its disposal."

"To begin at the beginning; this man and I are old acquaintances, and have done much business together. He is Stanat McKerr, the merchant-banker of Buenaventura, and I am Sandy McAlpine, formerly master of the sloop Santa Maria. This man employed me and my cratter and the superior of the stream of the str

"See hyer, gentlemen!" cried Blake, suddenly;
"I guess I'll have to resign my position of judge in this business, for I've a big interest in this hidden treasure myself."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 460.)

Inez Gonzalez

BY T. HAMILTON.

ILEUTENANT HARNEY lay idly smoking beneath the tall cactus at the very brow of a cliff that overhung the blue ocean.

Away to the west a long, dark line against the glimmering horizon showed where Cuba stretched its protecting arm about this smaller island, turning aside the fierce Gulf gales and the chilling winds of the northern ocean.

The bright sunlight fell shimmering through the waving leaves about upon a carpet of softest green dashed with colors rich from Nature's lavish hand; the sweet breeze came laden with intoxicating perfumes, and far down at the idler's feet the broad Atlantic rippled and smiled as a maiden in a dance.

The Isle of Pines seemed an earthly Paradise to the young officer after the many months of cruising through which he had just passed, and he forgot the great black hulk of the "Corsican" which lay moored in the roadstead at New Gerona, and enjoyed to its fullest extent his shore leave; only longing, in a half-dreamy way, for the presence of some dusky Cuban Eve with rich, ripe lips and melting eyes to sit at his side and complete the Oriental picture and his Eden fancy.

The day was far spent and already Harney was beginning to think of remounting his mule, which was grazing near, and returning to the port, when there came ringing through the still soft air a sound that electrified him, and sent the quick blood coursing swiftly in all his veins; it was the cry of a woman in distress.

Instinctively his hand sought the revolver within his bosom, but ere he could decide from which direction the cry came, the jar of rapidly-beating hoofs struck his ear, and an instant later there burst from the chaparral a little to his left a magnificent steed, white with foam,

fired!

There was a wild cry, so human-like that the officer's blood ran cold; then, rearing high in the air the noble animal shivered, pawing wildly; a bright stream of blood poured from the region of his heart; he reeled, and then fell heavily to the earth, dead; throwing his fair rider some distance away upon the grass.

Hurrying forward the young lieutenant fell upon his knees at her side and gently raised her head to his breast. Then, drop by drop, he poured a little brandy from his flask between the ashen lips, and chafed the cold white hands until a quivering sigh announced returning con-

til a quivering sigh announced returning con-

sciousness.
Slowly the heavy lids were raised, the long black lashes half-vailing the deep eyes beneath, and with a startled expression the young girl scanned the face of her rescuer for an instant. Then a light smile crossed her features, the lips that had now regained their ruby hue parted, and with an eloquent gesture she spoke:

"I owe my life to you! Surely you must be a friend."

and with a startled expression the young girl scanned the face of her rescuer for an instant. Then a light smile crossed her features, the lips that had now regained their ruby hue parted, and with an eloquent gesture she spoke:

"I owe my life to you! Surely you must be a friend."

"Indeed, signorina, I shall consider myself the happiest of men if I may aspire to that title," replied the officer, with an answering smile; "I am Lieutenant Ned Harney, of the steamer Corsican, and in the enjoyment of my shore leave to-day I chanced to wander to this spot. It was the sweetest chance of all my life, signora, since by it I was enabled to render you a service and to know you. But you are weak and faint. May I accompany you to your home! You can ride my mule by transferring your saddle to his back."

They both arose, Harney still supporting the lady, for she was still exhausted and nerveus from her fall, and moved toward where the horse lay.

"Poor Don! Poor Don!" cried the girl as she knelt at his side and placed her hand upon his head. "Are you really dead! I love you, Don, and you were wild or you would never have run so with me! Ah, signor," and she raised her eyes filled with sparkling tears toward her companion, "Don was my horse, my very own, and I have ridden him for years. He never would have hurt me knowingly, but he was frightened, he was wild; and now he is dead!

Harney thought that he had never seen a lovelier face than that which was raised to his, and he would have given his commission had the content of the plantation of the plantation of the minimum to the ear of a silent watcher, crucching within a clump of flow-order and wait."

He had reached it and was already drawing add the would have given his commission had the would have pive his commission had the would have his commission ha

Harney thought that he had never seen a lovelier face than that which was raised to his, and he would have given his commission had those tears been shed for him; but he assisted the girl to rise and only said: "Signorina, forgive me; I had to kill him or he would have carried you over the precipice."

sound, Lieutenant Harney moved toward a vine-covered summer-house that stood not far away.

He had reached it and was already drawing aside the leafy curtain so that he might enter when something startled him, and like a shadow he dropped to the ground again and waited, listening.

ban, and you are an American officer, who has seen the world."

"True, signorina; but all the world hides itself before you, and I forget, while by your side, that another woman lives! You have said that I might be your friend," continued Harney, pressing the little hand which he held in his; "may I not hope to become more, your lover, your husband? Inez, darling! I love you! I loved you from the instant you burst upon my sight, pale and disheveled, clinging to that maddened horse; I loved you when I held your head against my bosom; I love you now, and forever! Tell me, may I not hope? Do you care for me, love me? Will you be mine? Speak, I pray you, my darling, my life!"

As he poured forth the burning, passionate words, the young officer threw his arm about the girl and gazed into her face with eyes glowing with love, awaiting her answer.

No reply came in words; but, slowly yielding, Inez bent her superb form toward him, dropped her queenly head until the raven tresses swept the lieutenant's cheek, until her eyes, witching yet tender, met his, and their lips touched in one long, clinging kiss.

But, even as heaven seemed opening above them, a shiver ran through Inez; she suddenly released herself from her lover's embrace, and, with a sharp cry, clasped both hands over her face.

"Oh, my God! what have I done? It cannot

"Oh, my God! what have I done? It cannot be, it cannot be! Leave me; if you love me, leave me!"

leave me!"
Harney trembled.
"What do you mean? My precious one, my pearl, what do you mean? I will never leave you, for you love me! You are mine!" and again he would have clasped her in his arms had she not prevented him.
At that instant, and before either could speak, the sharp ring of hoofs announced the approach of another horseman, and looming through the now-gathering darkness the lieutenant saw the form of a man riding rapidly toward them.

toward them.

"Hist!" whispered Inez; "not another word!
That is my cousin, that is the man to whom I am pledged by my father. I love you, but that is why it cannot be!"

The young officer's brain reeled, and for an instant his hand rested upon his revolver and murder was in his heart; then he whispered in

return:
"It shall be, nevertheless—meet me at midnight in your father's garden!"
Before Inez could reply the horseman was

which direction the cry came, the jar of rapidly-beating hoofs struck his ear, and an instant later there burst from the chaparral a little to his left a magnificent steed, white with foam, his eyes starting from his head in terror, his nostrils dripping blood, and bearing upon his back a richly-dressed girl, who sought in vain to guide or control him.

As the horse sprung into the open space the lieutenant darted forward to seize him, but he might as well have thought to catch the west wind, for, with a snort of increased fear, the maddened animal plunged forward directly toward the edge of the cliff; another instant and all would be lost—horse and rider would plunge a thousand feet downward to death upon the cruel rocks below!

But, that instant was enough. With an arm like steel and an eye that never failed, Harney leveled his weapon, and, even as the trembling brute was within twenty paces of the verge, fired!

There was a wild cry, so human-like that the officer's blood ran cold; then, rearing high in the air the noble animal shivered, pawing wildly; a bright stream of blood poured from the recion of his heart; he reeled, and then fell heavily as a bright stream of blood poured from the region of his heart; he reeled, and then fell heavily

of heck and cheeks. Then, with a clatter of sofs, he was gone.

At day-dawn the Corsican was to sail. Hary knew this and he knew, too, that if he would in his Cuban wife she must be on board at at hour and sail with him.

It would not do to wait a more opportune moment. It must be to-night or never! He might never see New Gerona again.

Reaching the port the officer at once secured a boat and was rowed to the cruiser.

There he found the captain and asked permission that a friend might accompany him to New York.

"My friend will occupy my state-room, cap tain, and will make no trouble aboard; and it

There came the gleam of a light dress flitting between the trees, the crunch upon the gravel of a heavy boot, and then two figures stood in the

A woman's voice sounded through the night. It was Inez. "You may go, Miguel. I am cooler here and will rest awhile. It is perfectly safe in the gar-den and I am not afraid. Return to your quar-

ters."
The man bowed low and retired just without the summer-house. After a moment the girl

the summer-house. After a moment the girl spoke again.

"You need not wait for me, Miguel; I will return to the house alone. I said that you might go to your quarters."

"Yes, signorina; but Signor Bernardo gave me particular orders not to lose sight of you until you went to your room again. So I do not dare go to my quarters."

Inex stamped her foot angrily.

"Then you will obey Bernardo rather than me?" she cried.

"I must, signorina, or run the risk of punishment," replied the man.

"You shall surely be punished, and that severely, too, unless you do as I order you," said Inex.

"Go to your quarters, slave, and leave me here alone!"

There came no reply, but the servant Miguel

There came no reply, but the servant Miguel remained motionless, by his actions refusing obe-

dience.

"You choose to disobey me!" cried the girl, in passionate tones. "It is well. But at least since you will not go, I may leave you. Stand aside and let me pass!" and she turned to go from the arbor.

But the man made no movement. He only raised his hand deprecatingly and said:

"Even this, signorina, I dare not do except I follow you. Such are my orders."

For an instant Inez was speechless; then darting past the sentinel she cried:

"I will go where I will! And I command you not to follow!" and with the words she sped rapidly down the garden path toward the rear of the grounds.

But more rapidly followed the slave, and ere

rapidly down the garden path toward the rear of the grounds.

But more rapidly followed the slave, and ere twenty paces were completed, his hand was upon her shoulder, his arm about her waist, and another instant would have made her his captive, when a dark shadow arose at his very side, an intense voice hissed "Dog!" and a stunning blow from the butt of Harney's revolver stretched the man senseless upon the ground, while, with a single glad sob of relief, linez fell halfainting into her lover's arms.

The distance to the port and the quay, where lay the lieutenant's boat, was fully half a Spanish league, yet, within thirty minutes, the two stood at the head of the broad street that ran to the water's edge, and not far before them, the moonbeams shivered and broke upon the dimpling waves of the roadstead. They were safe!

Up to this time hardly a word had passed between the lovers, for both knew too well the need of haste to lose breath in conversation. Now, however, as the world seemed open before them—a beautiful world, filled with love—Harney turned and clasped his sweet mistress close to his heart, pressed kiss after kiss upon her luscious lips and poured words of softest sound into her willing ears. And the voluptuous lips returned the kisses, each for each; the beautiful mouth spoke answering words of endearment. while round, white arms embraced the lover's neck, and a proud head rested in his bosom. Suddenly, the young officer ceased this dalliance and turned his face backward, with a quick and watchful motion. What sound was that?

Ringing hoarsely through the still night and echoing from the distant hills there came a far-away bay, each instant increasing in volume each moment drawing nearer and nearer; it was

way bay, each instant increasing in volume each moment drawing nearer and nearer; it was the voices of Cuban bloodhounds! Their flight

the voices of Cuban bloodhounds! Their flight had been discovered and they were pursued!
Harney caught his companion in his arms and ran swiftly down the gentle incline toward the sea. The distance was short and the burden light, yet, ere he stood upon the stones of the quay the blood-chilling notes of the trailers fierce cry rung out from the very spot where but now he had stood, and a few brief moments only separated his darling and himself from their fangs! He trembled as the thought came to him—what if!—
He whistled sharply: then listened, gazing

"It shall be, nevertheless—meet me at midnight in your father's garden!"

Before Inez could reply the horseman was close upon them.

"Ah, sweet cousin! Found at last!" said a rich voice, in Spanish; "what is this—mounted on a mule! Where is Don and who is this signor?" and at the question the stranger bowed toward Harney.

"Bernardo, this is Lieutenant Harney. He saved my life and you must thank him. Don is dead."

When the astonished Spaniard had ridden

could hear the shouts of men and the tramp

hind, and no friend at hand! It was a horrible,

hind, and no friend at hand! It was a horrible, deadly trap!

For an instant the young man's brain reeled: then pressing the form of his loved one to his heart, he murmured, "Inez, sweetheart, will you live with them or die with me?" and the girl nestled closer to him, and whispered, "With you, my king, be it life or death!"

"Hold fast, then," said Harney, "there is one more chance;" and turning, he sprung far out into the waters of the roadstead before him.

Nor any too soon, for hardly had he risen to the surface after his first plunge than, glancing backwards as he swam, he saw two red-throated beasts panting and snarling upon the outermost

backwards as he swam, he saw two red-throated beasts panting and snarling upon the outermost stone of the quay, while close behind them rode half a dozen men with gleaming weapons. "Come back! come back! or we will shoot! Come back, or by Santa Maria, the dogs shall tear you limb from limb in the water!"

Inez heard the cry, and her face grew yet more pale as she clung to her lover's shoulder: but she made no sign, and Harney swam silently Again the warning cry, and then a moment later the whip-like crack of a carbine and the skip of a ball as it sped along the water at their

de.
Inez shuddered, and a low cry escaped her.
"Do not speak, my darling," the lieutenant asped. "They cannot see us now, and may noot until daybreak without hitting the mark."

And so it proved. For although the band up

on the pier fired some score of times in the direction of Harney and his stolen bride, no bullet touched them, and the only end gained was to arouse the watch upon the distant Corsican, who gazed wonderingly into the night, speculating upon the cause of the trouble ashore.

At last the shots ceased. The officer was now nearly half-way to his ship, and, although swimming with a double load, he felt sure that he could reach his friends, and his heart was growing lighter, when suddenly, not a dozen feet away, he saw moving through the moonlit water, the dorsal fin of a shark!

His arms stiffened, his blood ran cold, his very eyes started from their sockets. Great God! To die thus after all!

But life was sweet, and doubly so with Inex.

To die thus after all!

But life was sweet, and doubly so with Inez, and the young man's courage returned. Silently he moved onward, watching his deadly enemy, and prepared to do battle as best he might, when the moment of attack came.

With some trouble, and without apprising his companion of their new danger, he succeeded in drawing from his pocket and opening, a heavy dirk knife which he carried. Then he placed it between his teeth. He had seen East Indians kill sharks for sport, he would try it now in terrible earnest.

kill sharks for sport, he would by a lack rible earnest.

And still he swam on. So far in truth, and so near at last to the Corsican whose black hull loomed sharply against the gray sky before him, the man-eater never approaching but always a little in advance that he began to hope he should escape him altogether and he had already gathered his breath to hail the ship when he felt lnez's grasp tighten upon his shoulder, and in a thrilling whisper she said: "Oh! my darling, look behind! The bloodhounds are after us!"

Harrey attempted to answer her, but his

Harrey attempted to answer her, but his orgue clove to the roof of his mouth. The gripe grim death was tightening about his heart and he could not breathe. It was only left for nem to die!

and he could not breathe. It was only left for them to die!

With the bravery of despair he turned sharply about. Not twenty yards away and rapidly approaching he could discern two black heads. As he faced the dogs, they separated, one swimming toward him upon either hand, and with gurgling growls of flerce satisfaction prepared to hurl themselves upon him.

With the single word "courage!" to his fair burden he threw one arm about her to protect her, grasped his knife with a hand of steel, and as the foremost animal with wide-open jaws and gleaming fangs surged down upon him, he threw himself quickly to one side and plunged the heavy blade to the hilt in his neck.

There was a yell of mingled rage and pain and

heavy blade to the hilt in his neck.

There was a yell of mingled rage and pain and the bright blood dyed the water about them. Then turning, the half-crazed hound again sprung upon him, again the deadly knife did its work, and again the fierce yell rung out, a death-cry this time, and quickly followed by a shriek from Inez, long drawn and piercing!

With a groan Harney turned. The other dog had attacked the girl and already torn a great piece from her dress, which now hung from his mouth, as with blazing eyes he swam rapidly toward her again.

The beast was so near that Harney could not

mouth, as with blazing eyes he swam rapidly toward her again.

The beast was so near that Harney could not strike in time; for the instant he was powerless, and overcome with horror he closed his eyes. But even as Inez' long shrick rung out, a wilder and more terrible cry echoed across the bay; a something white flashed beneath them, the water boiled for an instant, there was a sudden rush and turmoil, and then the hound was gone! And nothing remained but a few little bloodred bubbles that slowly rose to the surface and broke. The shark had saved them!

Half an hour later Lieutenant Harney and Inez Gonzalez were made man and wife by the chaplain of the Corsican; and Capt. Shepard, when he had heard the story of the night, said to the beautiful, blushing bride as he took her hand, "Signorina, for such a wife as you, I my-self would marry!"

self would marry!

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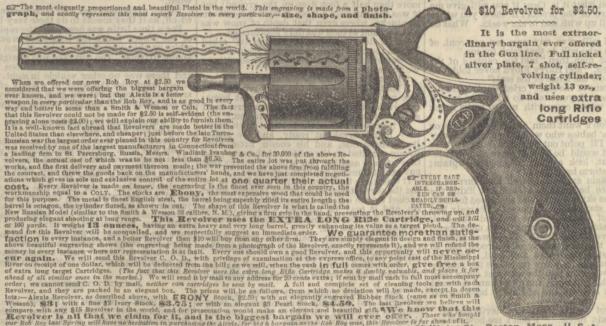
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To love you I'm inclined,
For you're the Way I long have sought—
Which I am glad to find.
To me the way of life is lone
Without a single sharer,
And I must beg you to believe
I ne'er saw a Way-farer.

To many ways my footsteps led
Where gleamed no kindly ray,
But now my feet are turned to you
Who are my only Way.
My hopes which have been wrapt in night
By you have been turned day-ward:
Forgive me if those hopes to-day
Are rather turning Way-ward.

I find you all that I could wish;
It pleases me to say
My love is not a hasty love—
I love you dear al-Way.
With no one in my life to cheer,
Indeed it is a lone way;
Your ownway you can have through life
If I can have my own Way.

I used to think I would be blessed
And happy every day
If I could only reach out hands
And gladly stay a-Way.
Your smile through all the ills that come
I know would make me safer,
And I would stick to you through all,
Like any other Way-fer.

My fortune at your darling feet
I very gladly lay;
Your father's rich; where there's a will
I know there is a Way.
The grace and beauty of your charms
I'd not be overrating,
And your sweet answer to be mine
Quite patiently I'm Way-ting.

With your consent the question I
Before your sire will lay,
And very fondly do I hope
That he'll give me a-Way.
The right of Way to future bliss
I long for in a great way;
I'll go and see your pa, my love,
And I shall go there straight-Way.

Walt. Ferguson's Cruise.

A Tale of the Antarctic Sea.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLOAT," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," "TENTING IN THE
NORTH WOODS," ETC., ETC.

VI.

PARTING WITH MINNIE-THE FIRST 'BERG-A CLOSE SHAVE.

THERE was a fixed look in the eyes of the captain of the barque as he saw the boats recede, bearing the ones he loved best on earth, and then his eyes turned for a moment upon the manly form of the boy.

"I'll say one thing for you, my lad," he cried; "you have the making of a man and a sailor in you, and if I live I'll remember what you have done for me this night."

"That's all right," returned Walt, shifting his position uneasily on the rail, "but it seems to me this is a mighty hot place to be in. What are you loaded with?"

"Sperm oil."

"Sperm oil."

"Splendid stuff to make a fire of when the fire is not too close to the chimney. I'll have to jump overboard if this keeps getting hotter. I like a good fire, but this is too much of a good thing."

thing."

They crawled out as far as they could on the davits, looking up from time to time at the swaying masts. The foremast fell; the main went over the side; the flames were rapidly eating into the mizzen, and they knew by its uneasy motion that the fire in the hold was eating away the stepping of the mast. Walt kept looking at it intently.

"I don't know how you feel in regard to the matter," said the boy, "but I am of the opinion that, when that mast falls, it is going to clean us off the rail as neat as you please. Be ready for a dive. Yah! There it comes!"

that, when that mast falls, it is going to clean us off the rail as neat as you please. Be ready for a dive. Yah! There it comes!"

The mast began to bend toward them in an ominous manner, and thinking discretion the better part of valor, Walt plunged head-foremost into the sea. He was quickly followed by the captain, not a minute too soon, for the mast came crashing down upon the stern of the ship in such a way that both of them must have been killed had they remained upon the davits. Walt wan under water for quite a little distance be

in such a way that both of them must have been killed had they remained upon the davits. Walt swam under water for quite a little distance before he rose, and when he did so he saw the captain not far away, in the act of sinking. He had risen too soon and been struck by one of the falling fragments of the mast. Making a desperate effort, Walt reached him just in time to support him as he was about to sink.

"Steady, Cap!" he said. "Brace up, and be somebody; you are all right."

Disengaging one hand, he caught a floating spar near by and drew it toward him. A moment more, and he had passed it under the arms of the captain, so that he could cling to it. Pushing the spar before him he gained the floating mainmast, and drawing the two together lashed them tightly at the cross-trees. This done, he sprung out of the water, and by a mighty effort drew the captain out and laid him on the spars. Scarcely had he done so, when, gliding through the water close at hand, he saw the dorsal fin of a giant shark.

"That was touch and go," he muttered. "If that old rip had been a little more lively he would have made it hot for us, I'm thinking. Hurrah; here comes a boat!"

As he spoke one of the whale-boats dashed up; the two were assisted to enter; it was quickly turned to the ship; and in half an hour

As he spoke one of the whale-boats dashed up; the two were assisted to enter; it was quickly turned to the ship; and in half an hour the stanch vessel was headed away on her course, leaving the barque blazing away on the bosom of the ocean. The captain was carried into the cabin where his wife and daughter received him eagerly, and by their united efforts succeeded in bringing him back to life, although he had received a severe contusion of the scalp. When he was sufficiently recovered, Captain Stone came down

"We'll be likely to meet some homeward-bound ships off the Falkland," he stated. "Most likely you'd like to get home as soon as

possible."

"It is little I care for that," was the reply,

"if I could send my wife and daughter home.

I'll tell you what it is, Cap; if you will give me
a fair share of the profits I'll show you where
you can fill up with seal in six weeks. What do

you say?"

"That I will give any man ten per cent. of the profits who will do that trick for me."

"I'm the man, then," said the captain of the Ellen Floyd, "and Harry Floyd never told a lie yet. I know the home of the seal!"

"The home of the seal!" cried Captain Stone.

"Why, man, if you could do what you say I'd take your whole crew with me to make quick work."

"You don't want them all. I've got three or

work."

"You don't want them all. I've got three or four devils' babies who would be a curse to any ship, and I'll point out who you'd better take and who it would be best to leave at the Falklands. But, look at that barometer, captain; there is a storm brewing."

The captain excused himself and hurried on deck, where he found that Jack, not liking the look of the sky, already had shortened foresail, storm-jib, stay-sail and courses. Scarcely had the foot of Captain Stone touched the deck when the storm came roaring down upon them, making everything howl. There was nothing for it, as they had plenty of sea-room, but to lay her before the wind and scud. For two days and nights they flew on before the mighty gale, and when at last the sea went down they had left the Falklands far astern, and it would have been a great loss of time to have turned have been a great loss of time to have turned

"I've got to take them now, devils and all," said Captain Stone. "I don't see how we are to get rid of the ladies, either."

"I'd like to have them go home," declared Captain Harry, uneasily; "I would, indeed."
"I don't see how it can be done."
"Nor I, for that matter. But to take them down among the icebergs seems hard, after going 'round the Horn and heading for home. Cuss that lubber who dropped a lantern in the hold of the Ellen Floyd."
"Sail on the lee bow!" shouted Zip Marlin, from the to'gallant forecastle. "An Australian liner, I think."
"Just the thing!" exclaimed Captain Harry.

liner, I think."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Captain Harry.

"We can send the women on board and the liner will leave them at Rio, where they will be sure of a passage home."

"Keep her up to hail the liner!" shouted Captain Stone. "Your ladies had better get ready;

"Keep her up to hall the liner!" shouted Captain Stone. "Your ladies had better get ready; I s'pose they hav'n't got any money?"
"Plenty; trust a woman to carry a large sum of money safely. I'm not at all afraid but Ellen will take good care of it, and I'm going to leave it with her."

An hour later the boat was lowered and the two women left the ship, much to the disgust of Walt, who had taken a violent boyish fancy to the pretty girl. Captain Harry went with them and made a bargain with the English captain to land them at Rio and see that they had a passage home on board some American ship. There were some tears shed, of course, and the last one to shake hands with Minnie was Walt.
"Remember that I am coming home to marry you, one of these days," he said, laughing. "I hope you won't forget and go and get spliced to some land-lubber."

"I shall never forget you, Walter," she said, of the said, and the said.

"I shall never forget you, Walter," she said, softly, as he spring into the boat. "Be careful of yourself, and come home as soon as you

Many the weary weeks of peril that must pass before these two would meet again! Amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the hearty cheers of the crew of the liner, the boat sped back to the ship, where they were quickly hoisted aboard, and the Sea Lion stood on the Southern

That night, in the middle watch, Walt saw

That night, in the middle watch, Walt saw his first iceberg. A great, white, glittering castle went majestically by, moving quite rapidly against the wind. Walter stood awestruck, watching the giant tower as it passed.

"I can't make out what it means by going against the wind in that way," he said, looking at Zip.

"That's the undercurrents, my boy. Don't you see there's three times as much of that ar' berg under water as thar is above it, and the currents in the sea can't be numbered. Keep her away a little, you at the wheel; think that thing is goin' to turn turtle."

The Sea Lion rapidly receded from the dangerous vicinity of the berg not a moment too soon, for the head of the berg not a moment too soon, for the head of the berg suddenly bowed toward them and sunk into the ocean; and there arose the base, rearing itself high in the air, and dropping the spray from a hundred glittering points, on every tower which had been eaten out by the action of the water. A beautiful creation it was—shaded from pure white at the top to dark green at the base. As the boy stood there he felt a hand fall upon his shoulder, and turning, saw the eyes of Jack Maxwell peering into his with a strange look.

"You have made up your mind against me, I s'pose, youngster," he said.

"I haven't said so, Mr. Maxwell," was the cautious reply.

"Don't say that you have not, either. That's

"I haven't said so, Mr. Maxwell," was the cautious reply.
"Don't say that you have not, either. That's right, my boy; play your game close. Now, what reason have I to be against you?"
"I don't know of anything, except because I saved your life."
The hand of the mate dropped from the shoulder of the lad, for he saw that he was not trusted.

"You don't believe there is any good in me, I see. Well, let it go at that, if you must. But I tell you, my lad, there's been many and many a time when I've been half mad as I thought—
But let it co. I won't saw another world the But let it go; I won't say another word to you

He turned away with an angry scowl upon his face, when he heard a wild cry from the lips Starboard your helm, Zip; for God's sake,

"Starboard your neim, Zip, for cook hard?"

Zip heard the ringing cry and knew that the boy would not give any such alarm unless the danger was real. The wheel fell over, and the Sea Lion, quick to mind her helm, went off on the other tack. And as she did so there rose under the stern, hurled up from the awful depths by the undercurrent which had so long held it chained in its flerce grasp, the crest of a mighty iceberg. There was a harsh, grating, awful sound along the keel, and the stern of the ship was lifted, but the wind carried her onship was lifted.

smp was litted, but the wind carried her on-ward even as the giant rose slowly, and they escaped only by the "skin of their teeth." And all knew that but for the keen eyes of the boy, the Sea Lion would have been lifted bodily into the air, to be hurled down, dismembered and shattered, upon the surface of the dark water below. A shudder passed through every man in the watch as they saw the gigantic iceberg towering under the stern, and knew how narrow had been their escape.

The Jumper;

Impromptu Sleigh-Rides in the West,

BY EDWARD WILLET.

'HI, Bob! here's a splendid fall of snow!" This was the exclamation with which Ben Bullitt greeted his friend, Bob Braithwaite, who had come down into Kentucky for a winter

Ben had jumped out of his bed, and this exclamation broke from his lips as he looked out of the window. Bob was still hugging the cover, and was indisposed to rise; but he crawled out, in compliance with his friend's earnest request that he should come and look at

snow.
That's no snow to speak of," he said. ought to see the snow in the North, where the fall is sometimes as high as the fence-tops."

"But this ain't the North," replied Ben. "It is very seldom that we have so much snow on the ground, and when we get it, we make the

As a matter of fact, both the boys were right. As a matter of fact, both the boys were right. The snow was not much to speak of, lying not more than half a foot deep on the ground; but it was emphatically a "big thing" in Southern Kentucky, where even that depth of snow was a rarity, and as such was duly appreciated.

"How do you make the most of it?" asked Bob, as the boys began to hurry on their clothes.

"Sometimes we hunt_rabbits, and sometimes we go sleigh-riding."

"I vote for the rabbit-hunting, this time."

"That is all very well for you," rep.ied Bob,

"I vote for the rabbit-hunting, this time."

"That is all very well for you," rep.ied Bob,
"as you have plenty of sleigh-riding at home;
but we don't get so much of it down here, and I
am afraid that the girls will outvote you."

So it proved. When the boys got down-stairs,
they found breakfast ready, and the girls—
Ben's sister Sue, and his cousin, Ettie Armstrong—excited on the subject of the snow, and
they at once assailed Ben with an energy that
put rabbit-hunting out of the question.

It was more than Ben Bullitt could do to resist the earnest entreaties of his favorite sister.

sist the earnest entreaties of his favorite sist the earnest entreaties of his favorite sister, backed by the quieter urging of his pretty cousin, and it may be doubted whether he was strongly desirous of resisting them. Of course he liked to be coaxed.

"Well, girls, you shall have your sleighrides," he said, "although Bob has expressed a preference for rabbit-hunting."

"Bob will of course give up to us," said biggeyed Sue, and of course Bob was glad enough to do so.

"But I don't understand it," he said. "I thought I had made the acquaintance of everything on the place; yet I have never seen anything in the shape of a sleigh. Where is your sleigh?"

"In the woods," briefly answered Ben.
"In the woods! Who ever heard of keeping a sleigh in the woods? Why do you leave it

"Because it grew there. We will go and get it as soon as we finish breakfast. The truth is, Bob, that we don't keep a sleigh, nor does any-body in this neck of woods; so I've got to make

"What is a jumper?"
"You shall see before long, and you shall help to build it, too. Hurry with your breakfast, Bob, for there is no time to lose," said Ben, as he hurriedly left the table.
When Braithwaite went out on the back porch, he found his friend whetting his ax and waiting impatiently.

porch, he found his friend whetting his ax and waiting impatiently.

"Come on!" said Ben, "if you don't want to hear the girls grumble for a solid week," and he strode off toward the woods, carrying his ax in the hollow of his arm, and followed by Bob, who could not easily keep up with

by Bob, who could not easily keep up with him.

Ben Bullitt was seeding young hickories, and he knew just where to look for them. Having found a grove of them, he cut two saplings, about three inches at the butt, and gave one to Braithwaite, while he carried the other to the house. The saplings were speedily peeled and dressed, being made smooth with the drawing-knife on the under side, and flattened on the upper side. Three holes were put through them with an inch-and-a half auger. Then two slats were "rived" out of green rail timber, slightly dressed, and provided with auger-holes to match those in the saplings, and one additional hole in the end of each slat. Half a dozen square pieces of oak were "rived" out of a white-oak butt that was at hand for making "boards," and were fitted to the holes in the saplings and the slats. Two of them were left at their full length, four feet, to serve as a support for the back of the seat; two others were sawed off a little shorter, to hold a dash-board, and the third pair were sawed off at the slat, and wedged into it and the sapling. Then the and the third pair were sawed off at the slat, and wedged into it and the sapling. Then the small end of each sapling was drawn up through the hole in the end of each slat, and cut off and wedged there.

Then it was that Bob Braithwaite began to get an insight into the business of making jumpers. The saplings were the runners, the slats were the rails, and the uprights had their

evident part to play in the programme. It only remained to put the machine firmly together and provide the seat.

This was done by nailing two lengths of board across the slats at the middle of the machine, one against the front uprights for a dashboard. three against the high uprights for the back of the seat, and one across the slats at the rear of the seat—"for the footman," as Bob remarked, but in reality to give a little more strength to the "contrartion".

the "contraption."

"Now it begins to look something like a jumper," said Ben, as he surveyed the work, with approval.

"Should think it would pull apart," remarked

Bob.
"Wait; I had forgotten the front cross-piece.
Ought to have made it fast to the ends of the
runners before I cut them off. I must do the

ext best thing."
He procured a pair of buggy shafts, and lashed the procured a pair of buggy shafts, and lashed them firmly to the runners and the slats, and then built a seat by nailing one board upon another like a step. He completed the job by extending an oak slab from the top of the high upright on one side to the bottom of that on the other, and vice versa, nailing them there.

"I don't believe in nails," he said. "A true woodsman puts his trust in wooden pins and wedges; but we are in a hurry. Here is your jumper."

umper."
"It still looks to me as if it might pull apart,"

said Fraithwaite.
"Maybe it will, but the chances are that it will hold together as long as we want to use it. That's the way we build 'em."

"I believe I can improve the pattern," said

Bob.

Being requested to try, he took a stout plowline, fastened it to one of the front uprights,
just under the rail, carried it to the next rear
upright on the other side, made it fast there,
took the line around and similarly connected
the other two uprights, and finished the work
by binding the diagonals where they crossed
with a length of strong cord.

"You Yankees are cute," said Ben Bullitt.
"We folks have been making jumpers for years,
and never thought of that simple trick."

The jumper was complete. Time, according

The girls, who had been eagerly watching the workmen, were ready with quilts and buffalo-robes, and—last, but not least—themselves. But Ben, when he had harnessed his fast mare,

But Ben, when he had harnessed his fast mare, Fan, and had put her between the shafts, said he must first take Braithwaite a turn, "just to see if the contraption was safe."

Fan started off with the jumper at a splendid pace, and both boys were satisfied with the running and staying qualities of the machine. They soon returned, and Bob was willing to give up his place. That sort of sleighing was very well for Kentucky, he said, but was no treat for a fellow from the North.

Ben Bullitt next took out his cousin Fittie.

Ben Bullitt next took out his cousin Ettie, and it was dinner-time when he brought her back. Sue was obliged to wait for her ride un-til that important meal was over, but could not be induced to delay her enjoyment a moment

"I met Sam Stagg when I was out this morning, Sue," said Ben, as he handed her into the jumper. "He was driving out Mollie Hester behind his fast nag, and he dared me to come down on the turnpike and have a race. I told im I would be there by two o'clock. Are you

I am only afraid that Fan might be beat," If that is all, I will give Fan a chance to do

On the turnpike, just inside the first toll-gate on the turnpike, just inside the first toil-gate beyond the cross-road, they found Sam Stagg waiting for them. His fine gray horse was at-tached to a jumper, in which were Mollie Hes-ter with his owner, all ready and eager for a

"From here to Caldwell's place and back for a good pair of boots," said Ben Bullitt, as he reined up.
"All right," replied Stagg. "Give the

"Go!" exclaimed Ben, and both horses started off, as if they meant to do their very best.

For a time little was heard but the rapid beat of the horses' hoofs, the occasional crack of a whip, or the encouraging voice of one of the young drivers. The turnpike was straight and level, the snow was hardly half beaten down, and there was no other vehicle in sight. Both horses went like the wind, in a whirl of snow and flying lumps; but the gray gradually drew ahead, in spite of the best efforts of Ben and

"How so?" asked Sue.
"Don't you see that his jumper has no shafts?"
This was true. Stagg was obliged to get out This was true. Stagg was obliged to get out of his jumper and lift it around when he reached the Caldwell place, and this gave Fan the start on the turn. But the gray was rapidly start on the turn. But the gray was rapidly overhauling her, when there was a crash, followed by a scream. The runners of Stagg's jumper had spread apart, letting the box drop on the road, and Mollie had fallen backward, while Sam was pulled forward. Ben Bullitt gave the girl a seat in his jumper, and took her home, and Stagg followed on horseback.

The next day there was a sudden thaw, and the snow disappeared as swiftly and silently as it had come.

A NUMBER of women of Oshkosh, Wis., have formed a society to study the best methods of disciplining children. A sort of a ladies' mite society, as the church folk call it.

Europe Seen through American Eyes.

Paris by Night.

EXCURSION ON THE SEINE—ITS BRIDGES AND QUAYS—COURT OF PALAIS ROYAL—THE CHAMPS ELYSEES—EVENING AMUSEMENTS— THE PARISIAN FLOWER-GIRL-BOULEVARD LIFE-CAFÉ CUSTOMS OF THE FRENCH.

Paris, with its attractive features of gardens, fountains, and statuary, boulevards, cafés, and open-air concerts, presents a brilliant and animated spectacle in the evening. Night offers a favorable opportunity to observe social phases of Parisian life, when the citizens of this gay metropolis turn out en masse at these popular places of resort. Gaslight adds a peculiar charm to the scene, flooding the streets and promenades with a splendor unequaled in any other European city. Enchantment rests on its gardens; a sweet musical rhythm is emitted from its fountains and cascades, showering forth gossamer vails of spray and fantastic jets to dance and glitter in the flood of artificial light. Arbors and summer-houses, embowered beneath PARIS, with its attractive features of gardens,

and glitter in the flood of artificial light. Arbors and summer-houses, embowered beneath vines and flowers, and encircled with variegated lights, impart a strange fascination to the scene, delighting and entrancing the stranger.

An evening excursion on the Seine, so rich in historical reminiscence, should not be overlooked by the stranger. This river traverses the central portion of Paris, and is spanned by twenty-five bridges within its limits. Parisians of suicidal intent usually select the Seine to carry out their design, the number of bodies taken therefrom intent usually select the Seine to carry out their design, the number of bodies taken therefrom and placed in the Morgue, shadowing this stream, forming its own sad comment. On the banks of this river are noticed the ruins of the Hotel de Ville, destroyed by the Communists in '71; the Palais de Justice, now undergoing repairs from damages sustained in those revolutionary days, its foundations dating back to the Roman period; Notre Dame Church, the oldest in Paris; and on a ran of the Seine towers the column and on an arm of the Seine towers the column of July, surmounted by the figure of Liberty, marking the spot where stood the Bastile.

marking the spot where stood the Bastile.

Taking one of the various steamers at Pont d' Iena, adjoining the Exposition Building, and disembarking at Pont Sully, within a short walk of the Bastile, a most satisfactory view of interior Paris is secured. This trip gives the visitor an opportunity also to see fifteen bridges, the pride of Paris, considered as models of architectural structure and engineering skill. Pont Neuf, one of the oldest, communicates with the little island Cite, marking at one time the bounds of Paris. Many of these bridges, anorned with statues and other ornamentations, show a span of two hundred ornamentations, show a span of two hundred and fifty feet and upward, and varying in length from five to seven hundred feet. At night these present a brilliant appearance, resembling in the distance palaces suspended in

An additional attraction of the Seine are the quays, skirting either bank for five or six miles, and forming two continuous roads. Some of these date back over five hundred years, formthese date back over five hundred years, forming embankments comparing favorably with the Thames, and lighted with lamps at intervals of twenty-five or thirty feet. Taking an outside seat on one of the stages in waiting at the Bastile, the stranger can catch glimpses of boulevard life during the forty minutes' ride to the Madeleine, the terminus of this evening's

Another night may be absorbed in a stroll through Palais Royal, and the Champs Elysees, looking in at the cafes where the social characteristics of the Frenchman are most manifest. teristics of the Frenchman are most manifest. Leaving at half-past eight the brilliantly-lighted court of the Hotel de Louvre, a moment's walk places us within the garden of the Palais Royal. This popular place of resort for strangers and Parisians alike, is rectangular in shape, adorned with shade-trees, and laid out in flower-gardens, separated by a fountain. Chairs are arranged upon the gravel walk, which are let out to pedestrians on payment of a sou, equivalent to less than an American cent. Ranged around this court, nearly a thousand feet in length, and about four hundred in width, are to be found some of the most elegant stores in Paris. A glance at the magnificent show-windows, dressed in articles of taste and luxury, reveals a French characteristic in this respect, unequaled by any other nationality. The stranger becomes bewildered at the vast exhibit of jewelry, diamonds and rare stones sparkling with resplenbewildered at the vast exhibit of jewelry, diamonds and rare stones sparkling with resplendent brilliancy under the gaslight. Cuff-buttons may be procured here with devices of insects, birds or beasts, and innumerable other designs both grave and ludicrous, varying in price from a franc upward.

A profusion of fabrics, adapted to meet the requirements of feminine tastes, are particularly noticeable, comprising silks and satins in lavender, lemon, pink, blue and green shades: Valender.

der, lemon, pink, blue and green shades; Valen-ciennes, Honiton, Spanish and other laces; Eliza-bethan ruffs and embroideries; a world of brilliant colors in ribbons and trimmings; evening kid gloves of the most delicate shades; jaunty hats and dainty high-heeled Parisian gaiters nats and dainly high-needed rarisian gatters; sacques, and dresses with immense trains, trim-med in silver and gold thread; fans of every conceivable pattern, bound in Brussels lace, with figures of nymphs, Alpine and other scenes artistically painted thereon; and a variety of articles in addition, in which ladies are especial-

Here may also be seen bronze goods of ex-juisite design, and mirrors of every form and size, reflecting the spectator either in gigantic propor-tions, or hideous contortions. These goods are displayed to best advantage in the evening when the garden and arcades are brilliantly illumin-ated, and filled with people moving in every di-rection. At the doors, outside, are show-cases containing articles of taste artistically arranged, tending to attract and fascinate the customer within; here a loquacious Frenchwoman usually succeeds, with bewitching smiles, and gesticulating manner, in effecting a sale. Directly above these stores, and overlooking the beauties of this garden, are restaurants, which have become famous throughout Paris, and universally wisited by strangers. Here a good dinner way visited by strangers. Here a good dinner may be procured for three francs, including soup, fish, joints, entrees, dessert and a bottle of wine, with attendance, usually half a franc.

Pursuing our stroll to Rue de Rivoli, the public gardens of the Tuileries are soon reached, where

ratuitous concerts are given during the sum-ner in the evening. This delightful resort, dorned with flower-beds and rows of shadeadorned with flower-beds and rows of shadetrees, connecting the terraces by flights of steps
and undulating paths, is alive with pedestrians
at this hour. At the junction of the Tuileries
with the Place de la Concorde, are erected twin
fountains of exquisite design, the admiration of
all visitors to Paris, and peculiarly impressive
in the gaslight. This polished basin of stone is
surmounted by half a dozen figures, supporting
a similar number of dolphins. Surrounding
these may be seen forms of vessels and other
symbolical designs, cut in marble, the whole
forming a study, and particularly attractive.

We are now at the gateway of the Champs
Elysees, the pleasure ground of Paris, and the
finest avenue in the world. A glance at this
brilliant thoroughfare at night, from the elevated steps at the Place de la Concorde, impresses
the beholder with fascination and enchantment.
This promenade, extending for a mile and a half.

This promenade, extending for a mile and a half flooded with electric and gas light, forms flooded with electric and gas light, forms a scene of brilliancy and splendor. With gas lamps placed at intervals of twenty feet, interspersed by globes shedding a steady and intense elec-tric light, some conception can be had of the almost noonday effulgence imparted to this avenue.

Add to this picture a wide promenade thronged Add to this picture a wide promenade thronged with pedestrians on each side of the avenue, separated from the drive by a grass plat fifteen or twenty feet in width, bordered with shade-trees. At every step are to be found stands for the sale of toys and refreshments, and cafés, where light wines and absinthe are dispensed. Here also may be witnessed all kinds of juggling performances, including Punch and Judy entertainments, always attracting a gaping crowd. To the left, near the Palais l'Industrie, a mili-

tary band executes classical and popular music, which may be enjoyed on payment of a franc. To our right is the Hippodrome, the largest place of amusement in Paris, accommodating seven thousand people, and filled nightly. Ladies act as ushers here, as at all places of amusement in the city, furnishing cushions for use in the aisles, as a substitute for camp-stools, when the seats are all taken.

Those variegated lights mark a concert head-

Those variegated lights mark a concert head-quarters, where visitors sit in the open air, and the singers under elegant arbors adorned with flowers. Performers are dressed in costume, flowers. Performers are dressed in costume, the suits of the women looking particularly attractive, with ornaments in their hair, and a jaunty French cap on the back of their heads. Here Parisians love to lounge and smoke, regaling themselves with national beverages. The stranger may here listent to pretty good singing while sipping a cup of coffee, or indulging in an ice. Concerts on a more extensive scale are given also at different points of the Champs Elysees, always well patronized by Parisians.

Parisians.

Dancing and balls are popular forms of amusement among the French for summer evenings, given in gardens threading this avenue. Prominent among these is the Garden Mabille, covering several acres, illuminated with a thousand lights, and adorned by fountains, flower-beds, arbors and walks in great profusion. Here merriment and gayety predominate, and music adds a charm to the brilliant and fascinating scene.

Not least among the attractions of the Champs Elysees is the drive, filled at nine o'clock with the beauty and fashion of Paris on wheels. These are returning from the Bois de Boulogne, just outside of the fortifications, a Boulogne, just outside of the forbifications, a favorite park resort for Parisians. The perpetual stream of carriages and splendid equipages, with high-spirited horses, gayly uniformed lackeys and drivers, forms an animated and pleasing picture. Though the Parisian ladies do not display dress and ornaments in the boulevard, at the Bois de Boulogne their attire is attractive and even cay.

vard, at the Bois de Boulogne their attire is at-tractive, and even gay.

Flower-girls form a feature of the Champs Elysees at night, soliciting Frenchmen with waxed mustaches and strangers alike to invest twenty-five centimes in a button-hole bouquet. These girls in attractive outfit may be seen flit-ting among the crowd, or at the cafés, with elastic step and winsome smiles, rendering it

elastic step and winsome smiles, rendering it difficult to resist their importunities. Many of them possess marked beauty, with clearly defined features, olive complexion, dark eyes and hair, and a lithe, symmetrical figure. The neat little cap which they wear, pretty bow, and trimmings of appropriate colors, impress the stranger with their simplicity.

Reaching Rue Royale, a five minutes' walk places us at the Madeleine, situated at the head of the boulevard by that name, and a continuation of Boulevards des Capucines and des Italiens. These thoroughfares form the leading resort for Parisians at night, with their attractions of crowded restaurants and coff's. The latter are models of splendor, patronized by all classes of society, some being resplendent with classes of society, some being resplendent with mirrors and other articles of luxury. Ladies as well as gentlemen frequent these cafes, where ices, lemonade and other cooling drinks may be procured, as well as Rhenish and native wines. Frenchmen love to resort here in the evening

Frenchmen love to resort here in the evening to discuss social and political topics, or play dominoes or cards in rooms surrounded with gilded trimmings and mirrors, and furnished with velvet-cushioned seats. The wide sidewalks in front are covered with little marble tables, the occupants smoking and sipping coffee, wine and absinthe, this last beverage forming the ourse of Parisher socials. the curse of Parisian society. Notwithstanding this universal custom of public drinking, drunk-enness in the streets of Paris is the exception, lominant light wines.

dominant light wines.

Not least among the attractions of these boulevards are the massive stores of white marble, considered models of architectural design and beauty. No more animated spectacle of Parisian life can be witnessed than is exhibited each night in this crowded thoroughfare, with its thronged cafés. Withdrawing from this fascinating scene at Avenue Opera, bathed in electric light throughout its entire length, we bid good-night to the streets of Paris, retiring at eleven o'clock to the quiet of our hotel.

WILLIAM ADAMS.

Ripples.

A MARRIED man sometimes finds himself to be an April fool soon after the wedding March. "VINEYARDIST" is the newest ugly word invented by men who are too lazy to write Eng-

THE ice in some of the down East rivers is so thick that when taken out there won't be any water left. THE most bashful girl on record is the young ady who blushed when asked if she had been

ourting sleep. WILL the new "anti-lean" remedy keep our men from supporting lamp-posts and oung men from

Some crabbed old bachelor writes that "Many a seal-skin sacque covers a ragged dress, a dirty apron, and an empty stomach." THE people of Florida are luxuriating on young cabbages and green peas now; but, then, they haven't any such ice crop as ours.

The young man who wrote and asked his girl to accept a "bucket" of flowers became a little pale when she said she wooden ware it.

DR. HOLMES says that crying widows marry first. Not a very smart thing to say; for how could they be widows without marrying first? An editor out West is going to call his paper the "Four Per Cent," and expects to get sub-scribers at the rate of a million a day, at least. An Arkansas editor was attacked by four roughs and a dog. Although the pen is mightier than the sword, he used a sword and cleaned

CHEYENNE squaws would make good farmers' wives. They are not afraid of tramps, and are as handy with a Springfield rifle as they are with a frying-pan.

OUR cynical friend remarks that there are plenty of honest men in politics, but they are all fools, and plenty of able men in politics, but

THE man who strikes his wife and afterward repents and takes her to his arms again can find but one song in the language with which to ex-press his feelings. It is the one which begins, "Come to my bosom, my own stricken dear." THE janitor's instructions to his son: "When

you meet the first floor, bow and take off your hat; for the second, uncover; for the third, carry your hand to your head; for the fourth, nod; for the attic floor, let the lodger nod first." ONE cold day recently a man in a New York horse car had been choking back a sneeze for several minutes, when a nervous old lady irrita-bly exclaimed; "Oh, do let it out." "Don't dare to, madam," he said; "it might freeze it."

A small man never sighs for greater bulk of stature and breadth of shoulders so much as when he goes into a crowded railway car, and sees a man that will weigh as much as three of him spread out over four seats, pretending to be

THE law is magnificent. It would hang a man on a technicality though it knew him to be innocent, and it would clear him on the misspelling of a word, though he were so loaded down with crime that he couldn't arise for his own protection.

They were out riding. Said Theodore, "What tree, Angelina, bears the most precious fruit" Angelina—"Oh, Dory! I can't tell, unless it is a cheery tree." Theodore looks unuterable sweetness as he gazes into Angelina's eyes and says, "The axle-tree, darling."